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Cindy's Widowhood By Charles McIlvaine.



"A single woman, twice a widow, who never had a husband. Who ever heard of such a state!"

ARE you a single woman, Cindy?" "Yes, Miss Julia, I is a single woman. Dat is, I is half a single woman—I is a widow. I is a two times widow. Dat is, some folks say I is. I dunno zactly what I is. Some says dis an' some says dat. Squire Rideback red de law on me an' he say dat de law on me am all mix up."

Thus Cindy Hurlock answered a bride of a fortnight. When the bride, Mrs. Merrill, came to the family homestead belonging to her planter husband, she found Cindy as much a part of it as the great scycamores on the lawn. She was a superb specimen of African womanhood, strong, shapely, with eyes soft as a seal's when love filled them, or wild as an angry cat's when passion fired them. Her coaxing voice brought the pigeons to her hand, the cows from the lowlands, the horses from the pasture; but when constrained, low, quivering with anger, it told of unconquerable resolve, and danger to be dreaded. Often she sat in the kitchen door gazing dreamily over the highlands—an ebony Evangeline. Again, she filled it with her erect figure tense in every muscle—a Nemesis—glaring with the fixity of a sphinx. Now, having taken a great liking to her young mistress she was in her softest mood, loving, gentle, full of confidence. In a moment of loneliness, her mistress had called her. She sat, sewing, on the porch edge. Mrs. Merrill swung near her in a hammock.

"Have you any children? I have been here such a short time that I know little about the servants."

"Children? Bress you, no, Miss Julia. I ain't had no husband; dat is, some says I hab, some says I habent. De Lo'd an' me knows, an' dat's enough."

Mrs. Merrill laughed. "I am as

much mixed as Squire Rideback's law, Cindy;—a single woman, twice a widow, who never had a husband. Who ever heard of such a state! I do not understand it."

"Yes'm. I reckon you is mixed. De squire say dah wuz no law to fit me. Ef I git hold ob de man dat I done mahied fo' my shu' enough husband. I'll make de law fit." She laid her sewing down and looked off into the distance. After a moment she said: "I is fixin' to tell you 'bout it Miss Julia. I was layin' out to do it de first time you gib me a chance. You is mighty good to Cindy. I don't want to disappoint among you all. I is fixin' to tell you de troof. Den you'll hab it straight. De folks round yeah hab to hab a heap ob help fo' to tell de troof, I is had hard luck, Miss Julia. I is goin' on twenty-three an' I is had my share fo' certain. De good luck signs am poo'ly yit. Mr. George Ebeny, dat was my father, he went off to de war an' nebber come back. Miss Ebeny, dat was my mother, she died sudden of it in her head, an' I've had de keer ob de children eber since. An' I is had to take keer ob myself. Dat was de ha'dest job. De yeah

afo' de big war dar wuz a black debble dat had a bad name, tried fo' to make up to me. I was a chunk ob a girl wid no mo' sense dan girls hab when dey gits dere first co'sets. His name was Eph Raster. De Rasters is plenty in dese parts. Ef you says 'Good mo'nin', Mr. Raster,' to a passel ob cullud folks dat you meets in de big road, de half ob dem 'll answer back "Good mo'nin', an' de res' ob dem 'll answer back dat dey name ain't Raster but dat dey is kin to 'em. Dis Eph Raster kep' comin' to de cabin fo' to see me, an' I kep' sendin' him 'bout his business.

"Den de big war broke out. Daddy, he went off wid ole Colonel Merrill—de ole Mastah—fo' to take keer ob his horse. An' de nex' day, mammy she took it in her head an' died. Dat lef' me an' six children in de cabin. An' me fo' to take keer ob dem.

"On de sixth day ob Aprile, de yeah de big war broke out, 'long in de dark ob de ebenin', I seed a man step out ob de bush an' come runnin' to hy cabin, up dar in de grove, where I wuz sittin' on de do' step. Fust I thought it wuz Eph Raster. I got ready fo' to tell him to git. He come close, an'

I seed dat it wuz de best lookin' young colo'ed gentleman dat I eber seed. He took off his hat an' he bowed. Dat wuz de fust fo'—shu'—nough—take-off-your-hat bow dat I eber got. I raise right up an' I made my curtesy mannehs, jes' like ole Miss Merrill showed me how fo' to do it. I dunno what made me do dat. It jes come in my laigs. De young colo'ed gentleman he say: "Scuse me. Kin you tell me de road to Danville?"

"When I wuz 'bout sixteen, de debble shuly did come in my head afo' sense do. I up an' answered him back: 'De ribbeh, dah in de lowlands, runs clear down to Danville. If you kin swim, jes' follow it an' you'll get dar.'

"He looked at me kinder confused. I seed he wuz dead arnest; his face wuz sot an' dar wuz no foolin' look in dem eyes ob his'n. Den he told me dat he wuz runnin' away; dat he wuz gwine to de norf fo' his freedom; dey wuz after him fo' to ketch him an' take him back. I told him fo' to come in de cabin an' rest hisself an' git somethin' to eat. I seed dat he wuz hungry; it wuz in his eyes. De children wuz playin' tag in de mule pasture. He eat like he been starved. He tell me he been sleep in de woods by day an' trable by night, an' he been done tired. I tell him fo' to go up in de cabin lof an' rest hissef, dat I take keer ob him. He went up de laddeh, and I broke de laddeh up an' chuck it on de fiah. I tell him fo' to gib me his shoes; he drap 'em down. I put 'em on an' went down to where de wood path cross de run, and I make tracks wid 'em in de sand, like he been jumpin' across. Den I took 'em off an' come to de cabin bare foot.

"Shu' nough, jes' ez I got back, up came two men, ridin', a huntin' him. Fust I done tole 'em he had not been dar; den dey cussed me an' I let on to be skeered. Den I showed 'em de way he jump de run an' took to de woods. De head man gib me a cut wid his

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whip, an' rode off afteh de tracks I done made. Dat cut fatched de blood, but, Miss Julia, dat cut did shu'ly feel good. He stay in de lof' fo' days, tell he got rested. I reached him up watch, an' cooked victuals, an' candy dat I had put by fo' de children when dey good. De children nebbeh know dat he wuz dah. Tuesday ebenin' he say to me trough de cracks in de lof' flo': 'Cindy, you has sated me fo' my freedom, an' keered fo' me. I got to git on to de norf fo' my freedom. When I gits dah, I'll wo'k ha'd, an' sabe what I gits, an' I'll come back fo' you soon ez I kin; but fo' God, I'll come back—mebbe one year, mebbe ten. I is gwine to pay you back, takin' keer ob you. Kin you git a preacheh handy? Tonight? I is gwine to marry you ofo' I goes. I is gwine tonight. I is gwine to show you dat I is arnest.'

"Miss Juli, I fo' certain did lub dat man, as' he tole me he fo' certain lub me. When de colo'ed folks lub dey lub hard. Dey jes' trow demsels at each other an' catch holt. Mebbe de wite folks lub jes' ez shu, enough hard, but dey is mo' offish;—dey don't let on dat dey lub. De white folks is mo' stickner dan de colo'ed folks gene'ly is. Mebbe dat's on account ob der bein' mo' law fo' de white folks."

"Ef he's home I kin git him," I says. 'Uncle Rube Jenkins is a preacheh. He marries all de colo'ed folks in dese parts when dey gits ready. He libs roun' de hill in Dry Creek Bottom, 'bout half a mile.'

"Run git him," he says. 'Hab him yeah at nine o'clock. I is gwine to de bush fo' my bundle, an' I come back yeah.'

"I stated. I nebbeh run so fast in my life. I hollered to de children to run obeh to dere Aunt Carline's an' I tell 'em I come fo' 'em 'bout bed time, Uncle Rube he been home. I ax him fo' to step out. I done tole him de whole troof. Uncle Rube he patted me on de head an' he say: 'I is gwine wid you, Cindy. You is a good girl. I is knowed you eber since you was a leetle baby, honey. You ain't gwine to go widout marryin' fo' de want uv ole Uncle Rube's helpin' you. Wha de heart is, dat am whar de burden am light.'

"I done forgot to tell you, Miss Julia, dat de young colo'ed gentleman's name was Mr. Eph Raster, too. He come from de Georgia Rasters. Dat onery Eph Raster couldn't hold de snuff ob a tallow candle to him. Befo' we got back to de cabin, dar wuz de biggest sto'm an' de blackest night you eber seed. I couldn't see my han' afo' my eyes. Uncle Rube an' me knowed de way like de foxes an' de possums an' de skunks dat prowled roun' in de dark. When we got to de cabin, de do' opened an' he whispered: 'Is that you an' de preacheh, Cindy?' 'Yes,' I says. 'Hurry up,' he whispered again. 'Hurry up, Marry us quick. De men am roun' ag'in fo' to catch me—I yeached 'em. He cotched hold my han' an' we step in, an' in de dark Uncle Rube he said de words, quiet like. Den he said: 'You is man an' wife. De Lo'd bress you. I must git home afo' de rain comes. Amen.' An' off he went, I wuz all ob a shiver fo' fear de men would come. I says: 'Fo' de Lo'd's sake go now afo' you is cotched.' I yeached him laugh. He struck a match an' walk wid his back to me to de table. He put de match to de candle da. It sputted an' burned up. Den he turned roun' an' dah stood dat onery, Eph Raster."

"I growe to de spot I wuz standin' on. He laugh ag'in, right in my face, an' he says: 'Now you is Eph Raster's wife, shu' enough. I is got you! You is not gwine to send me off ag'in. I heached you make de barg'in wid dat stranger man. I 'spicioned you. I is unde de cabin de whole day. He went to de bush fo' his bundle. Den I followed him. I cotched up to him, an' den I tole him dat you sent me fo' to say dat de men pass you, goin' for de preacheh, an' fo' de Lo'd's sake not to come neah de cabin ag'in tell he could come safe. Fo' him to go git his freedom. You wait fo' him. Dat's what I tole him. Den he went off packin' his bundle. 'You is my wife,' His debble's face was grinnin' at me!"

The woman looked like a wild animal, cornered. Her eyes glittered with hate. Her fingers spread like talons. Sse crouched as if to spring upon her mistress.

"Don't Cindy, don't," Mrs. Merrill cried, alarmed. Instantly she calmed, drew a long breath, her face became pitiful in its pleading.

"Fo' de Lo'd's sake forgib me, Miss Julia. I don't mean you no harm. I wouldn't do you no mo' harm dan if you wuz a baby. When I think ob dat big wickedness done me, I grows till I is as big as a mountain, an' ez strong as an ox, an' I could tear down de biggest tree in de woods. Dat's de way I feel when he grin in my face. Miss Julia, did you eber see a cat wid kittens claw a stranger dog? Dat's de way I clawed him. I teared him in de eyes till he couldn't see, an' I bit him tell he hollered. De candle fell off de table. I grab him an' held it to his hair till I sot fiah to it, an' I greased his face wid de hot tallow. Den I jumped off him an' grabbed de gun dat papa lef', loaded for mamma to use if she need it fo' to defend herse'f. He ran and I fished. You kin see de hole in de cabin do' yit. Dat wuz de las' ob dat Eph Raster's on'riness. Some ob de folks say I is his widow. I'd rather be lyin' up dar on de hill in de grabya'd dan be de widow ob de likes ob him!"

She stood, stiff with rage. "Poor girl!" Mrs. Merrill said, reaching out her hand to her. Cindy's face softened. The hand seemed a mercy extended to her. She took it, dropped to the floor and pressed her hot cheek against it. "You is good to Cindy. You has a leetle soft han'. Cindy's cheek hasn't had de touch ob a han' since dat young colo'ed gentlemans reached down from de lof' an' tech it. I is gwine to tell you de whole ob it: In de sto'm I felt my way to de bush. I jerked a quilt off de bed fo' to keep de rain off him if I found him. I called 'Eph, Eph,' thinking mebbe he wuz stayin' 'bout waitin' fo' me. But da wuz no answer. Chance times de wind in de trees fool me fo' an answer and I ran to whar it came from. When I think mebbe, in de dark, he slip back to de cabin fo' to say 'good-bye'. I ran dah. De cabin wuz empty. I fo'git fo' to bring de children. I fo'git I wuz libbin'. I lif' up my han' in de presence ob de Lo'd an' I swear afo' Him dat de man I said de words to am not de man I gib my promise; de man dat wuz in my heart am de man dat I mah'ied. De Eph Raster dat talk down from de lof' an' reach down an' tech my cheek an' tole me fo' to fatch de preacheh, am de Eph Raster I mah'ied an' is de widow ob."

"Is he dead, Cindy?"

"I dunno, Miss Julia. I ain't nebbeh heerd from him. Ef he's libbin' he's gwine to come some day. Ef he done don't come in dis world, de day de Lo'd sends a summons afteh me, dat'll be my weddin' day."

"Poor girl! And you were arrested of course, for shooting the miserable wretch?"

No, mam, I wa'nt 'rested. I jes' yeah de crowner done come an' I tole him de troof. He say dat Eph Raster wuz too onery fo' to lib. Dat wuz de cause ob his death. He say dat he hab a lot ob people wo'kin' his co'n an' wuz too busy to sit on him den. He ain't nebbeh sot on him. I tole Squire Rideback de troof. He say dat dar ain't no law fo' to fit fo' to 'rest me. He say dat Eph Raster make fo'cible entry whar he done hab no business. Dat he done try to steal a wife, an' dat wuz burglary, wedder de law 'done fit fo' burglary or not. No, mam, I wa'nt 'rested. I is jes' yeah yit, waitin' fo' my Eph."

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

A STRENUOUS COURTSHIP.

By E. W. FOWLER.

While the majority of the loiterers in Washington Square lounged upon the benches, Tom Meredith sat erect and frowned.

It was apparent to the two faded little maiden ladies who were taking their sun bath on the bench opposite that he was impatient; and they became so interested, that the elder laid aside her volume of poems, and the younger forgot to send the crochet needle flying through the pink wool scarf that lay like a rosy cloud against her black dress. They discussed why the young man consulted his watch so frequently and why he stared with such wistful eagerness towards Fifth Avenue. It was finally decided that he selected this place for a tryst, and that she was late. They were charmed with Tom's impatience, they nudged each other when they heard a muttered imprecation, and smiled knowingly when he jumped to his feet and paced the path like a sentinel.

The previous evening, on his arrival

peared. He had been too dazed to overtake them, and some minutes passed before he presented himself at the door and faced the servant. As he sat waiting, he admitted that he was nervous; but his fears left him as he heard the rapid click of high-heeled boots, and he stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"Margery," he said, "it's me."

"Why, Tom Meredith," Margery cried, taking his hands delightedly; "how did you get here?"

"By railway, of course. The same line that brought you."

They shook hands again, this time a trifle shyly, and Margery motioned Tom to sit beside her on the divan. "When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday."

"And you didn't let me know until today?" There was a trace of reproach in Margery's question, and Tom told her of his previous call.

"I was determined not to miss you today. It is a year yesterday since you



"DECIDED THAT HE HAD SELECTED THIS PLACE FOR A TRYST, AND THAT SHE WAS LATE"

in New York, Tom had hurried to Mrs. Van Tromp's, the aunt with whom Margery was staying. But neither Mrs. Van Tromp nor her niece were there to greet him, and, although Tom had not hinted in his letters of a journey eastward, he was greatly disappointed when the butler answered his somewhat incoherent questions by informing him that the ladies were dining out.

At ten o'clock the next morning the ladies had not yet returned from their drive, and, although Tom had been tempted to leave his name, he had adhered to his plan of surprising Margery, just to hear her delighted "You old dear, where did you drop from?" There was no necessity for formality. Margery and he had grown up together, and she had half promised to answer "Yes" to a certain important question at the close of her year in New York.

At length a carriage turned in from Fifth Avenue. At sight of the two occupants Tom jumped to his feet and bowed, but they did not see him. He caught a glimpse of a tall lithe girl and a matronly woman in black, who ascended the steps of a dignified house at the north of the square and disap-

peared.

left Colorado." "So it is," Margery answered, a bit startled. For an instant she stared at Tom with a troubled look in her big gray eyes, then started towards the hall. "You must meet my aunt," she said.

"Oh, bother your aunt," Tom answered bluntly; "let's have a little talk all to ourselves first. I came to see you." There was a meaning in the accented word which did not escape Margery; but she hesitated, and Tom took advantage of her indecision. "Deuce take the formalities! I haven't even kissed you yet."

Margery at once became frigid, and laughed affectedly. "Oh, you haven't forgotten all that nonsense?"

"Nonsense?" Tom was aghast. "You don't mean to say that—?"

"How did you leave everybody in Colorado?" Margery interrupted, and went to the window. "I'm dying to hear about my people."

"What the—" Tom followed her and boldly took possession of her hand. "Listen, Margery—"

But Margery withdrew her hand.

"Really, Tom," she began, with the faintest quiver in her voice, "you must

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"Fiddlesticks," Tom interrupted, hotly. "It isn't different anywhere if two people are —"

"But I haven't really said yes."

"The year ended yesterday. Say it at once."

"Oh, Tom, I—" Margery turned her face to the window and winked fiercely to keep back the tears.

"Say yes. I must hear it."

"I—I can't."

"You can." Tom was quite near her now, and his voice was pleading. "Shall I say it for you?"

"No, it wouldn't be the same thing, and besides—" She paused.

"What is it, Margery?" Tom was puzzled. Their meeting was so different from what he had expected.

"I wish that I had written. Oh, why didn't you let me know you were coming? Why didn't mother let me know?" She turned to him with a look of despair.

"Your mother thought that my surprise would be a pleasant one." Tom began to understand that something more than girlish caprice had prompted such a welcome. He looked at Margery so keenly that, although her eyes were tightly closed, she felt uneasy.

"I really should send for Aunt Catherine," she suggested weakly.

"No," Tom answered with determination; "if you have anything unpleasant to tell me, I want to hear it alone. You did not wish me to come to New York. Is that it?"

"Don't torture me, Tom," she said, twisting her handkerchief to shreds. "Can't you see how miserable I am about it?"

"I may see when you have told me why." Tom was angry now, and showed it.

"Then—" Margery's voice trembled and she hid her eyes again, "then I can't say yes."

Tom was staggered. He placed one hand beneath Margery's chin and forced her to look at him. "You don't mean that," he said very quietly.

"Oh, please let Aunt Catherine explain."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Oh, you need not be afraid of hurting me." Tom's answer came so calmly that Margery was startled. She watched him

return to the divan and settle himself comfortably among the cushions.

"Then you don't care?"

"I'll answer after your explanation."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so angry." Margery went to the divan and stood before him.

"I am not angry. Why should I be?"

"I have just told you that I couldn't say yes." She looked at him in amazement.

"But you haven't told me your reason."

"I am not obliged to tell you that."

Her eyes flashed.

"Yes, you are. I'll tell you whether it is good or not."

"You are not the one to judge. Anybody else would be content and go away."

"Do you wish me to go away?"

"Oh, why, why are you so disagreeable?"

"If you call it disagreeable for me to love you enough to fight for you, then I am disagreeable and proud of it. Do you care as much for me as you did a year ago?"

"No. I don't know." The admission came quickly upon the heels of the denial.

"You don't know?"

It seemed to Margery as if Tom's eyes were looking her through and through. "I think that I like you as well," she confessed rather brokenly, "only—"

"Now don't be foolish," Tom interrupted. "You know that I'm not the

sort of a fellow that moons about, shoots himself, goes to the dogs, or any of that rot. You needn't be afraid. You can't hurt me more by telling your reasons than you do by thinking me a coward. I am ready to listen."

"Well, Tom," Margery began haltingly, "you know that Aunt Catherine has been very good to me; that father is awfully poor, with only his salary, and that he and mother are both growing old. The girls must be educated, brought out, properly married, and—"

"Go on." Tom insisted upon the conclusion.

"Oh, you make it all seem so hateful and —"

"Business-like. That's just what it is. How much has been offered for you?"

"Tom Meredith!" The blaze of Margery's eyes dried her tears.

"Do you love me?" Tom laid his hands upon her shoulders and looked squarely into the angry eyes.

"No."

"Yes, you do."

"After what you have just said, I detest you."

"You don't. You can't detest me for telling a truth which you knew, but would not acknowledge. If you do, you are not the girl I thought you."

"Tom Meredith, I—"

"Now don't say what you cannot mean. We have behaved like a pair of idiots. Forgive me for showing my temper; but I shall not ask you to pardon the truth I told."

"I can never pardon that."

"Well, I am not in the least offended," he went on cheerfully. "I forgive you just the same."

"I have not met anybody so downright —"

"Brutal, truthful, and loving in the entire year that you have spent with your aunt. I shall not consider the answer you give me this morning. This is Thursday. I remain in New York until Saturday at 8.30 p.m. You have three days in which to make up your mind."

"I have already decided."

"No, you haven't, unless you have decided to say yes."

"Tom, you don't understand." Margery's voice was pathetic in its helplessness.

"Oh, yes, I do, far better than you think. Your head is a bit turned by



"I HAVE JUST TOLD YOU THAT I COULDN'T SAY YES"

all of this whirl. But it is only natural, and you'll get over it. You enjoy this sort of a life, and so do I. Why can't you wait and get love and riches from the same hand? I have brains, horse-sense, and business instincts, and out in Colorado the earth fairly throws the gold into our pockets. In a year or so—"

"Well, and how much do you offer for me?" Margery's question came so icily that Tom was momentarily dazed.

"Everything I have," he answered quickly. "No, that is too much. Half of all I have."

This flippant reply again brought tears to Margery. "I am not for sale," she said with a choke. "Please go away, and don't come back. You need not wait out the week."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," Tom replied. "Dad has an old friend here that he wishes me to meet and I want to see a little of the town. There is Coney Island and the Statue of Liberty. We don't have such things in Colorado, you know."

Mrs. Van Tromp entered quickly, and Tom saw by the amused twinkle in her eyes that she had overheard his last words; but when she saw Margery's tear-stained cheeks, her look changed to one of sharp interrogation.

"Bad news, Margery?" she asked.

"Auntie, this is a dear friend of my father, Mr. Meredith, of Colorado Springs."

Mrs. Van Tromp offered Tom her finger tips. "I fancy that I have heard Margery speak of you," she said coldly.

"It is quite possible," Tom answered, "since before Saturday I expect to announce our engagement to her parents."

Mrs. Van Tromp openly gasped at this abrupt declaration, but before she could reply luncheon was announced.

"May we have the pleasure?" Having regained her self-possession, Mrs. Van Tromp smiled courteously.

"I thank you," Tom replied, "but I shall be engaged until this evening."

"Well, my dear?" Mrs. Van Tromp appealed to Margery.

"I shall be pleased to see Mr. Meredith," she answered. "No doubt it will be for the last time, and—"

"Not necessarily," Tom answered. "I remain in the city until Saturday." Giving no time for a reply, he at once made his adieu.

While Tom was dressing for dinner he began to wonder what sort of a fellow he had for a rival. Of one thing, he was certain, the man had both wealth and position.

"Hang it all," he growled; "it's these ambitious matrons that ruin the girls with their ideas of marriage. I'm practical; I wouldn't ask any woman to share poverty with me; but I don't come to Margery with only a heart to offer. I give my love, and something in the way of dollars and cents."

This line of reasoning did not give great comfort, for he turned away from the mirror with an explosive: "Dash it all, the other fellow can say the same thing!"

Irreproachably clad, Tom presented himself at the house where he had met with such a keen disappointment in the morning. Mrs. Van Tromp smiled and held out her hand in friendly greeting. The gracious smile meant war, of this Tom was certain, and he held her hand firmly in his own until he fired his first shot: "I hope you will forgive me for robbing you of your niece."

Before Mrs. Van Tromp could reply, Margery, preceded by two ladies, entered the room. As Mrs. Van Tromp murmured Tom's name to her guests "Miss Troutman and Miss Elizabeth Troutman," both gave a start of surprise and their pale faces flushed to pink. Miss Troutman, after a wise nod to her sister, offered Tom her hand.

"Why, you are the young man we saw this morning in the square," she cried. "Margery told us that we were to meet an old friend of hers, and to think that it should be you. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction."

"That is one of Miss Troutman's favorite maxims," Margery explained to Tom.

"Yes, and the unexpected always happens," Miss Elizabeth continued.

"I am rather inclined to accept the latter," Mrs. Van Tromp said with a meaning smile. "What is your opinion, Mr. Meredith?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered, glancing at Margery, who blushed and lowered her eyes.

Other guests now began to arrive, for Mrs. Van Tromp kept to the custom of an informal evening for old friends. Tom was taken in charge by Miss Troutman, and tried to listen patiently to the proofs of her theories, awaiting with subdued eagerness the arrival of one man. He was certain that Margery's confusion and her aunt's smile would at once tell him when his rival entered the room.

As soon as Miss Troutman joined the little group of courtiers about a Russian

countess, who came in upon the arm of a tall, elderly man of decided military bearing, Miss Elizabeth took her sister's place at Tom's side. Tom noticed that the escort of the countess went at once to Margery, and that a flush rose to her cheek when she looked up and saw who stood before her. But the possibility of a rival so many years his senior did not disturb him, and he listened with interest to what Miss Elizabeth was saying.

"I am so glad to talk with one who knows Margery's mother," she began, "for Mrs. Kessler was my dearest friend when we were girls. You know that when Margery's mother and father were married, it was considered a dreadful mesalliance; for he was then only a poor, private teacher, just out of college, and with no prospects. But it was a real love match, and it makes me happy that it has turned out so well. And please do not think me meddlesome, when I tell you that Margery has hinted to me the object of your journey. I am sure that she cares for you."

Tom could have hugged the frail little woman. "Did she tell you so?" he asked.

"No; Margery is not quite certain of

For an instant Tom felt as if the room whirled about him; then he gritted his teeth and threw back his shoulders. "I congratulate you," he said hoarsely; "with you the expected has happened."

"You are wrong," she answered lightly. "I confess that I looked for a different conclusion. Do you return to Colorado to-morrow?"

"Not until Saturday, as I had planned."

Mrs. Van Tromp was touched. "Believe me," she said, "I have done nothing to influence Margery's hasty decision."

While Tom was waiting for an opportunity to speak to Margery alone, Miss Elizabeth came to him. "Don't be unjust," she pleaded; "few girls would refuse General Thornton."

"General Thornton!" Tom repeated. "Not General Bob Thornton?" Why, he's an old chum of my dad's. He's been a sort of a mythical hero for me to worship ever since I wore kilts. And now Margery has—"

He broke off abruptly as the full understanding of the situation came to him.

The day Tom started for New York, his father had given him a letter of in-

became even more animated than at the sight of his betrothed.

"Not old John Meredith's boy?" he asked.

"The same," Tom answered. Then, as if to get the matter settled as quickly as possible, he offered his congratulations. The men clasped hands and turned to look for Margery, but she had quietly slipped from the room.

"You must call upon me," General Thornton insisted as Tom turned to go.

"Your father married my first love and turned me over to the Indians. But we didn't row about it; we were only made closer friends by your mother, who was an angel. Come to my quarters to-morrow. Mrs. Van Tromp and Margery will drop in for a cup of tea. You will meet Miss Daisy, my niece, and perhaps others."

Tom thanked him and went to Mrs. Van Tromp. "Good night," he said. "I shan't say good-by until Saturday."

"You still hope?" Mrs. Van Tromp's smile was incredulous.

"No," Tom answered; "I'm too modest; my training is against me. Life-long I've been told that General Thornton is the best man on earth, and"—he smiled wearily—"I reckon that the best man will always win."

The following morning Miss Elizabeth was surprised at receiving a visit from Tom. The Misses Troutman lived in a very quiet hotel, the haven of several old-fashioned persons like themselves, who kept up a faded gentility on small incomes, and lived mainly in the past—"the good old days before great wealth formed aristocracy, and when the social center of New York was far downtown."

Tom came at once to his errand and released Miss Elizabeth from her promise to tell Margery of her own unhappy love episode. "I shall do nothing more," he concluded, with a show of light-heartedness which did not for an instant deceive her. "I am not trying to play the unhappy hero, understand, but, somehow, I can't back against a man who has always been held up to me as a model. If I were only certain that Margery cares for him,—I mean as a woman should care,—not simply respect, nor admiration for a past, but with an affection that will sacrifice as well as enjoy."

"I believe that your love is of this ideal kind," Miss Elizabeth said, sentimentally.

"No, it isn't," Tom admitted; "for if I were to do as I choose, I'd pick Margery up in my arms and run away with her. I'm afraid that Mrs. Van Tromp is right, and that I'm only half-civilized after all. But I'm man enough, I hope, to give General Thornton all credit, and if I went to Margery with a plea, or sent you, I'd feel as though I'd made an attempt at theft. I'm awfully obliged that you listen so patiently. It does a fellow good to tell his troubles once in a while,—sort of acts like a safety-valve. And I'm sorry that I must say good-by. I start for Colorado to-morrow."

"But without bitterness towards Margery,—or—other women?" Miss Elizabeth asked gently.

"Oh, I'm not the sort of a fellow that drops at the first knock. I'm not sick of life; a fellow can stand an awful lot before he loses his grip. Perhaps in ten years, when I've a wife and children, I'll look back to this day and wonder why I was off my feed, and the best tobacco tasted like tarred rope to my tongue." With a short laugh, decidedly forced and unnatural, he left Miss Elizabeth to repeat his conversation to her sister.

In the afternoon, when Tom met Margery at General Thornton's apartments, he greeted her with the most commonplace cordiality. Careful not to overact, and with no purpose save to show her that disappointment had not made too great a breach in his life, his well-meant artifice caused her more annoyance than satisfaction. For Margery had prepared herself to be very kind to him; to hold a last confidential chat, and to show so thoroughly how practical were her reasons for accepting General Thornton, that his regard for her would only increase.

Tom gave no opportunity for the quiet confidences. He talked with Miss Daisy, the General's niece, about greyhound coursing, golf, and social life in the West. Margery, who sat near enough to overhear, was vexed with him for his good-natured raillery of Colorado. "Yes, we live in the most primitive fashion," she heard him say. "We dine at noon, begin our dance in the Town Hall at eight, and instead of the theatre, depend upon the native talent of our literary club, which meets with song and debate every Friday evening."

Forgetting that only yesterday she had looked upon the years before she came to her aunt as dull and provincial, Margery could not keep silent. "Our way of living in Colorado is quite as charming as yours here," she declared



"THE ESCORT OF THE COUNTESS WENT AT ONCE TO MARGERY"

herself, and you must be patient. Her aunt wishes her to accept an offer which is most advantageous. But I hope that Margery will not be misled by a mistaken idea of duty. Long ago," here Miss Elizabeth sighed, "I did not have the courage to follow where my heart would have led me. I have always regretted it, and wished that I had chosen boldly."

"Will you promise me something?" Tom begged. "Will you tell Margery what you have just told me? Tell her what you lost by not obeying your heart?"

"I will tell her to-morrow," Miss Elizabeth answered impulsively, looking across the room toward Margery. Just at this moment the man beside her bowed and went quickly to Mrs. Van Tromp. Margery sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her face pale and set.

Tom hastily crossed over to her. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all," Margery answered with an hysterical laugh. "Will you send Miss Elizabeth to me?"

But before Tom could go back to Miss Elizabeth, Mrs. Van Tromp beckoned to him. "Have you been wishing joy to Margery?" she whispered. "The General has just told me of his happiness."

introduction to his old friend. "And now, my boy," he said at parting, "mind that you spare the time from sweethearting to call on old Bob. I want you for once to meet a whole man, and, well, I want my friend to know what a fine son I have." Then Meredith senior had given Tom a rousing slap upon the back, told him to go to the devil, and while in New York to look out that he did not buy a gold brick or green goods.

Margery was now alone and Tom went to her. "Your aunt has told me, he said, forcing his voice to come without a tremor, "and I wish you joy."

Margery did not trust herself to words, but silently pressed Tom's hand.

"Won't you make us acquainted?" he asked. "I wish to congratulate him."

"For taking me away from you?" Margery's surprise gave her speech.

"Why not?" Tom answered stoutly. "He's a better man than I, or you would not have chosen him. I wish that you could hear my dad go on about Bob Thornton. There's nobody in the world to whom I could give you with so little of a struggle. He's an old Indian fighter. I'd rather have my tongue cut out than make a howl before him."

Margery led the way to General Thornton, who at the name of Meredith

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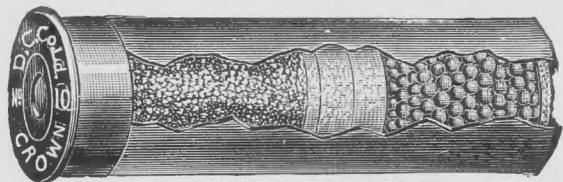
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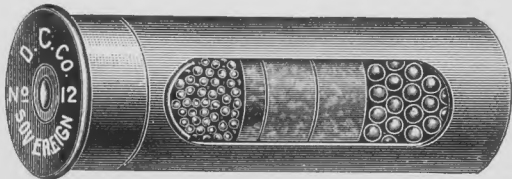
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hotly to Miss Daisy. "There is less display, but more real happiness, and just because people can be themselves."

Margery spoke with all the enthusiasm of her twenty years, for she was thinking of her own parents and her own quiet home. Miss Daisy was bewildered by such a flood of heretical phrases.

"I've been in New York only two days," said Tom, "but I think that I'd be pretty well content to settle here for life, if all the girls are like Miss Thornton."

Miss Daisy laughed. "And I believe that I like Western men," she said, looking coquettishly at Tom. "When you fall in love, do you carry off your sweethearts on broncos?"

"Not always," Margery answered quickly, and walked away.

"I believe that Margery is angry," Miss Daisy giggled.

"No doubt of it, and I'd like to know why," Tom answered gloomily; and Miss Thornton soon found him so dull and abstracted that she joined Mrs. Van Tromp at the tea-table.

alcove. A thin, feminine voice came through the heavy curtains.

"Clever Van Tromp," the voice drawled. "has finally caught Thornton with this little country niece of hers. The girl has nothing that I can see, neither money, looks, nor chic. But tastes are different, and the more fools the more fun."

"A real love match," was the masculine answer.

"Yes, on the man's side; but the girl has been urged on by her aunt. Mrs. Van Tromp is ambitious. Most of these old Dutch families are falling behind the procession, but she is determined to keep up. Her father was an old Deekman, who, centuries ago, long before I was born, was something or other in the shipping trade."

Tom and Margery stood stiffly silent and stared at the floor until the conversation ended; then Margery ran to the door and looked after the retreating couple. "Tom, she whispered, 'you should have heard the sweet way in which she congratulated me. Isn't it awful?'"



"THE PORTIERS WERE SWEEPED ASIDE, AND GENERAL THORNTON ENTERED"

As Tom's spirits sank, Margery, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, had never appeared more gay. She was soon the center of a group that discussed love and marriage in epigram, the echo of modern novels and plays. But Tom was too much disturbed by Margery's answer to Miss Thornton to listen to the witticisms. At the right of the drawing-room was an alcove hung with tapestries, and from this one could step into a glass-enclosed balcony filled with palms and ferns. Tom went to this retreat, and moodily watched the carriages in the street below.

"Well, and what do you think of us?" Margery stood beside him. Seeing him disappear into the alcove, she had almost immediately followed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Of the people in there?" She waved her hand towards the drawing-room.

"Oh, they are not so bad."

"I hate them!" Margery went on, almost fiercely. "We are really nothing to one another. It is not good form to be affectionate or show feeling. Did you ever hear how we talked? I try to think and act as they do, but I can't. It's all too serious, too sacred. It's not at all like us at home, is it?"

"It's disgustingly un-American, that's all."

Just then a murmur was heard in the

"Does it trouble your conscience?" Tom asked cynically.

Margery's lips quivered a reproach, but, before she could speak, the portieres were swept aside and General Thornton entered the balcony.

"I was warned that you were here trying to run away with Margery," he laughed, shaking his finger at Tom.

"I promised I shan't run away with her unless she asks me," Tom answered, after a moment of awkward hesitation.

"It is not likely that I shall so far forget myself," Margery replied sharply.

"Don't quarrel, children," Thornton interrupted. "We'll find a wife for Tom, won't we, Margery? How will Daisy serve? Then we can keep him in the family."

"I am not a match-maker," Margery said slowly; "nor shall I ever be. Let Tom choose where it pleases him. I only hope that he will find a woman more worthy of his love than—than—" She burst into tears and ran from the balcony.

"What does this mean?" Thornton asked. "Has some woman been short-sighted enough to refuse you?"

"I fear that few will call her short-sighted, General."

"Well, my boy, if you need a recommendation, send her to me. I'll speak a good word for you."

"I thank you, General."

They walked back to the drawing-room arm in arm: Margery was not to be seen.

"A sick head-ache," Mrs. Van Tromp explained to General Thornton, "so I sent her home. No, she would not allow me to call you; but it might be wise for you to drop in to-night for dinner."

"May I bring along the boy?" Thornton asked, smiling cordially at Tom.

"If Mr. Meredith is not already engaged," Mrs. Van Tromp answered, pointedly.

"I thank you," Tom said, "but it will be impossible for me to come."

Before retiring, Tom wrote his father: "Dear old dad, I've lost Margery, but I've gained a new self-respect. Your General Bob Thornton is a trump, a sure winner."

The following morning Margery slipped from the house before ten o'clock and went to Miss Elizabeth's; but the Misses Troutman would not return from their walk before eleven. Remembering that they often sat in Washington Square, Margery decided to follow.

Miss Elizabeth was sitting alone on her favorite bench, for her sister had gone to match the wool of the scarf they were crocheting. Margery ran to her with a cry of joy, and threw her arms about the little woman's waist. "Oh, I am so glad to find you," she sobbed, breaking down completely. But Miss Elizabeth's reproving "Be careful, dearie," restored in a measure her self-possession.

"No, no," Margery answered; "I won't be so silly again. But if you only knew how unhappy I am." She drew down her veil and bit her lips to keep back the tears. Miss Elizabeth did not reply, but silently caressed her hand.

"I am ashamed of myself," Margery whispered. "I don't deserve the least kindness."

By this time Miss Elizabeth had begun to struggle with a lump in her throat. "Is it about Tom?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, my dear! I was afraid of it," Miss Elizabeth admitted with a solemn shake of the head.

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know," Margery answered slowly, as if reasoning it out for the first time. "I believe that I told General Thornton that I would marry him, because Tom was hateful to me the first day he was in New York. He said horrid things. He seemed to think that he could force me to marry him, and I wanted to show that I had a will of my own. Oh, how I wish I hadn't been such a fool!"

"My poor, dear Margery."

"Of course I can't go back to Tom and ask him to come back to me," she went on despairingly, "and I don't want to marry General Thornton. I'll never be anybody's wife. I wish you would let me come and live with you."

Miss Elizabeth smiled sadly. "Margery, dear, I might have been a much happier woman to-day, if years ago I had been brave. You must ask Tom to come back."

"But what will Aunt Catherine say, and General Thornton, and everybody else? No, I can't do it."

"You are wrong to say such a thing," Miss Elizabeth answered sternly, rising from the bench and drawing her cape about her. "You must not deceive General Thornton a moment longer. Be honest; be honest to him and to yourself."

"Oh, I simply can't tell him, and I won't take a step towards Tom. I can be just as proud as Tom Meredith."

"Your pride is very silly!" Without waiting for an answer, Miss Elizabeth walked impatiently away.

Tired and spiritless, Tom was placing the last things in his travelling bag, when a telegram was brought to his door. "I will say yes," it read, "if you will only ask me again."

White and trembling, he collapsed into a chair. He read the message a dozen times, then took up the pen. "Margery," he wrote, "I will not speak until General Thornton has released you from your promise." He read the lines aloud ashamed of their cold brevity, and eager to add a word of endearment; but he hurriedly sealed the letter and entrusted it to the grimy hands of a messenger boy.

At the same time, Margery was finishing a confession to Mrs. Van Tromp. "Don't be angry with me, aunt," she pleaded, "for I must act for myself. I am going to marry Tom—that is, if he doesn't refuse me."

Mrs. Van Tromp was horrified. "You don't mean to say that you will—?"

"I have already, by telegram. Forgive me, auntie. It is not so awful with us Colorado people; there the women have an equal right with men."

Mrs. Van Tromp controlled an impulse to give her niece a shaking. "I wash my hands of the whole affair," she said, as calmly as was possible.

"Oh, I'm so glad," Margery cried, "for Tom can take me back to Colorado

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to-night. We'll be married this afternoon if—" the tears now conquered, "if he doesn't say no."

When General Thornton, his bronzed face a shade less rosy than usual, arrived in response to a message from his betrothed, Mrs. Van Tromp sighed, but descended firmly to the drawing-room.

"What does this mean?" he asked, handing her a telegram.

"Come at once," she read, "for I have something awful to tell you. Maybe I am going to marry Tom Meredith."

Mrs. Van Tromp shrugged her shoulders. "It is true," she answered.

"And I?"

"Dear General, what can we say or do?"

"Nothing. I don't blame her. Tom is of a fine race, and a chap in whom one can feel some pride. I shan't ask to see Margery; but you tell her that I wish her all happiness, and don't for an instant let her know that it goes at all hard with me. I should have anticipated something of this sort, but love is blind, you know, whether with a passe old fellow like myself or a fine young rascal like Tom."

"To be truthful," Mrs. Van Tromp murmured apologetically, "I fancy this conclusion of Margery's visit will be more satisfactory to her parents than if—than any other. Margery hopes to return to Colorado to-night."

"So soon?"

"It won't be settled until Meredith has heard your decision. He has a certain dignity, in spite of his youth, hasn't he?"

Mrs. Van Tromp arranged everything with her customary quiet dignity, and the Misses Troutman were the only guests at the early dinner that followed the wedding.

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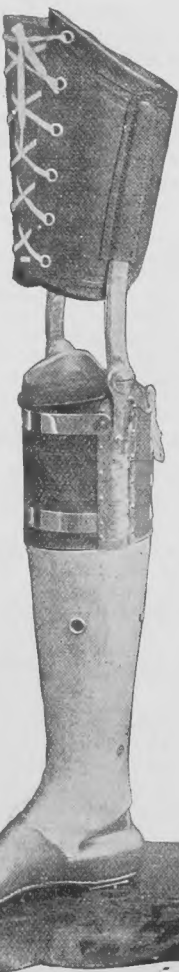
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The following is from the Winnipeg Daily Free Press of July 26th, 1906.

J. H. Carson.

This skilful artist in the designing and construction of orthopedic appliances, artificial limbs, trusses, etc., will find a warm place in the appreciation of many, who either by heredity or accident are deprived of the full enjoyment of limb, or suffer in almost any respect from physical defect. His exhibition is one that at once arrests the attention, and is an impressive exposition of what human skill can perform, to the accommodation of a natural deformity or weakness. Mr. Carson's work is a finished example of extreme delicacy, and absolute fitness applied to this wonderful department of mechanical science. It may possibly occur to the casual visitor, who walks through the building, hale and strong, that it might in the course of an uncertain future be his misfortune to require the aid of just such a helper as Mr. Carson can be to him, so that no one can be said to be devoid of a deep interest in knowing all that can be ascertained of what he has to impart. His city address is 54 King street.

Girls Should Avoid Hasty Marriages.

It is popularly supposed that the decision as to the date of her wedding is invariably left to the bride to be; but this, like many another popular supposition, only partly is true. The bride-elect may retard the time of her marriage as much as she likes; she may prolong her engagement for any reason or for none at all; she may refuse to consummate it, and jilt her lover at the church door, if it so pleases her; but no woman, saving a queen, may with propriety assume to "name the happy day" until her lover requests, nay, entreats, her to do so, and even then, however willing she may be, she must at least counterfeit a show of reluctance. Here, as in all affairs of courtship, the man is expected to be eager and ardent, while coyness and a becoming degree of maidenly hesitation to meet the advances of her suitor are incumbent upon the woman, even though she be "head over ears" in love. A woman may have the same desires as a man, but the same right to express them is denied her, and for her or her friends to endeavor to hasten the time of her marriage is decidedly "bad form." Indeed, she must not do so under any circumstances, and her relatives only when some great emergency arises. Even then the proposal should be suggestion rather than insistence, and should be so engineered as to appear to come from the bridegroom.

A woman is always liable to much unpleasant criticism if she or her family attempt to urge on a hasty wedding. However impatient she may feel, it behoves her to wait for her partner's lead. Moreover, if he permits the time to drag on with seeming indifference and shows no anxiety to claim her promise, her self-respect should prompt her to meet that indifference with careless unconcern, and should he give her cause to think that he has no real desire to marry her, she, by far, would better let him go his way than make any effort to induce him to take the step unwillingly, or, worse, to force a quarrel which will cause him to break the engagement. To be jilted by a man is among the most ignoble of positions in which a girl can be placed. When a man finds he has made a mistake, when he tires of his fiancée, or sees another girl whom he prefers, it is a common expedient to prolong the engagement indefinitely and drift, hoping to tire out her patience, if not her affection. Therefore, let any woman who has reason to suspect her fiancée's sincerity give him his freedom if he asks for it.

There are few more vexed questions regarding affairs of the heart than that as to the proper length of an engagement of marriage. In fact, it is one which, as the French say, "depends." The question must be settled in each individual case by the persons concerned, and is regulated by circumstances of all sorts. There are sometimes reasons for a wedding by telephone, literally and figuratively; and sometimes equally cogent cause why two people who truly love each other should wait long years before becoming man and wife. There is, however, a medium in all things for those who have the wisdom to find it, and an overlong engagement, which wears out hope, and faith, and courage, is only less to be deplored than the hasty marriage which is usually repented in the dust and ashes of the misery of a lifetime.

Considering what a vital change marriage is obliged to bring into the lives of those who undertake its duties and obligations, it would seem but the commonest prudence to think well first; the height of rashness to hurry into it with a person who is a comparative, sometimes an utter stranger. There is often passion at first sight, passion which may or may not ripen into love, but it is much to be doubted whether love of the genuine, permanent kind ever sprang forth, full grown, in an instant. It may well be contended that the mutual attitude of lovers during their engagement is not calculated to enlarge their real knowledge of each other. Certainly not, if the marriage is to take place

while they are living in a whirl of emotional rapture, and each looks at the other through the rose colored glasses of admiring devotion. But let an engagement be long enough for their love to settle down into something like a normal state, where their reasoning faculties will be able to work, and there will at least be a chance that they will gain a clearer estimate of their mutual fitness, and possibly they may learn a good deal about each other.

It is often said that no man should ask any woman to marry him until he is in a position to support a wife. This, in the abstract, is undeniably true. But (and this is where the argument for long engagements comes in) it is also more than a little hard. There are times when a man is fully justifiable in telling the woman of his choice that he loves her, even though he is not in an immediate position to marry. If a man is worth having he is worth waiting for. Still, he has no right to speak unless he has some definite prospect in view, nor unless he fully is determined to do his best to make their marriage possible as soon as may be. No woman should be expected to waste her youth and wear out her heart as the promised wife of a man who is not devoting all his energies to the task of making a home for her.

It also must be said that the woman who suffers herself to be "rushed" into hasty marriage, excepting under the force of circumstances which are beyond her control, makes a grave mistake in that she robs herself of what is usually the period of the most unalloyed pleasure in a woman's life. So true is this that it is not infrequently the case that to be "engaged" is the secret object, the greatest triumph of a young girl's life. "All the world loves a lover," and his lass, especially the lass. The announcement of a girl's engagement at once renders her an object of attention and interest to her whole circle of acquaintance, a person of importance to all her family and friends. Her past faults are forgotten, her present caprices are excused, she is the recipient of all manner of flattering consideration, and, one may say, is invested with many of the privileges while she is expected to perform none of the duties of a wife. Her lover is, of course, her cavalier servant, his first duty being to prove to his fiancée that the love which he professes so warmly can be manifested by actions more eloquent than words. The term of his engagement is probably the most unselfish period of a man's life. The opportunities are there if he sees fit to avail himself of them. He has to sacrifice a great deal for an uncertain return. He is not yet master of the situation. It is far easier for the lady to dismiss him than for him to break his bonds. He is expected to hold himself in readiness to do her bidding. He must make the best of her friends and relatives. Perhaps, also, he must forego some pleasures which are not becoming in an engaged man; but all these obligations, and many more, will be but trifles to the true lover who is beloved. He will need the exercise of tact and self-restraint; he never must suffer his love to seem to lack respect for its object, neither must he assert his claims in too masterful a fashion.

It is an old saying that "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed." There are those who lure their sweethearts into a state of contented security by their complete submission before marriage, only to exact the full price of their sacrifice when once possessed of marital authority. The man who is capable of such conduct deliberately is mean. It may be that he yields to unreasonable caprices on the part of his fiancée in the first flush of his passion, and that she takes advantage of his love to show herself overbearing. In such a case he must assert himself, for the sake of his own self-respect and manly dignity. This is an unfortunate, but quite possible development, and it is well if affairs sort themselves satisfactorily when the trial of strength is over.

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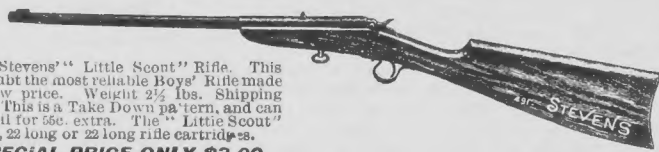
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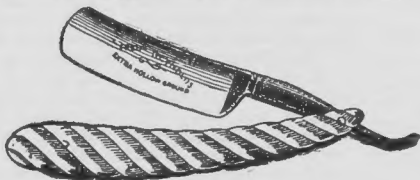
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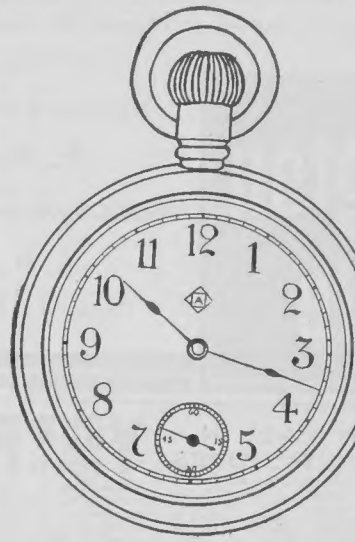
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Correspondence

We present another grist of correspondence from our readers on the matrimonial question.

Notwithstanding the hustle and bustle in the harvest field, readers of the Western Home Monthly find time enough to air their views. It is pleasing to us to know that our readers appreciate what we are doing for those of them who desire to express their views through the medium of our Correspondence columns. Send along your letters to us. If your letters are for publication we will publish them. Should you desire to open correspondence with any writer in these columns, just enclose us your letter with a two cent stamp attached to cover postage and we will forward it to the party designated by you.

Writers must give their full name and address, not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. We treat all correspondence confidentially.

Defends Manitoba Daughter.

Milestone, Sask., Sept. 7th, 1906.

Editor.—As a reader of your paper for some considerable time I have noted the discussion of the matrimonial problem, and, as a bachelor, I have at times felt inclined to take the part of my brother in adversity (a fellow feeling you know) and then at other times my sympathies were all with the other side. Anyway, I think that some of the letters on both sides were a little overdrawn. Now as a Manitoba boy I take exception to Homesteader's statements as to the Manitoban girls. Of course I will admit he might have seen cases as he describes in some families, but am satisfied they are not the rule. I have known Manitoban girls who were accomplished and could take their place in the best society, who, at a time when help was scarce, would strap their skirts about them and drive four horses on a binder from morn till night. Now while I don't hold that a woman should go out to the field, it is the spirit that it was done in that we admire. I also like what Mother's Girl says in your

recent issue—We should expect a companion in a wife, not simply a convenience. I have known men who had not soul enough to care for a beast, marry a simple, trusting woman and make a slave of her. Then, some of the girls write and rate us bachelors for drinking and gambling, but you know nothing of the loneliness of this big country at times, so that we are almost forced to anything to make us forget. I often think that if you could hold out a sisterly hand to a faltering brother it would go a long way towards steadying us, and I know at times most of us want steadying. Now in conclusion I would say I am a lonely bachelor and if some of you ladies would take the trouble to write me a line or so sometimes I am sure I would be grateful.

"Milestone."

Hands Out a Few Hot Shots.

Manitoba, Sept. 9th, 1906.

Editor.—I have read most of the letters in your Correspondence columns, and, while I do not approve of that method of securing a husband or wife, I fail to see why those who do should not be allowed the privilege. I have been reading the letter signed "Disgusted," which is so one-sided that it stirred me up to try to present a little of the other side of the question. He says "If these bachelors wanted a horse, they would first want to see and know something about the animal." True, but if these same bachelors got the offer of a horse for nothing, would they refuse to take it? He must remember that in choosing a horse they consider what they have to pay for it. By their letters I should judge that the only necessary qualifications for a wife are strength and a willingness to work. They want wives who can wash, iron and mend, bake and churn, cook the meals, wash the dishes and scrub, milk the cows and feed the calves and the pigs, attend to the garden, hoe the potatoes, keep the house in order and do such other little chores as their lord and master may feel inclined to leave for them. All this for the sake of "being supported." They cannot even buy themselves an apron without asking for the money, explaining why they want it, and only getting it after much grumbling. Surely it is the girls who are easily suited. To be sure all men are not like this.

but a good many of them are, and when girls who have been on friendly terms with them for years cannot tell the ones to choose, how can those who have never seen them, decide? There are plenty of young women to-day who are quite as willing to marry the men they love and start with small means as were the women of our grandparents' and parents' days, but young men that were worth loving were not as scarce then as they are to-day. As to the business marriages I think quite as many men marry for convenience, as women, and if one does make a business transaction of it why not make the very best bargain you can, as we do in other affairs. Now girls, do not think that because a young man has a couple of dollars in his pocket and drives a fast horse that he is a desirable husband. Show the young men of good common sense that they are the ones you respect, and there will not be so many empty-headed coxcombs round who are ready to seek wives before they have any prospect of having homes for them and who think wives are to be had for the asking.

"Another Disgusted One."

Fancies "Maiden in Waiting."

Silton, Sask., Sept. 5, 1906.

Editor.—I am one of those fellows who is always bound to express his feelings when he reads anything sentimental. I have been a constant reader of your interesting monthly magazine and of late taken very deep interest in the Correspondence column, in which both sex have been most strictly dealt with. Some of the girls, sorry to say, are extremely hard on us bachelors. The main fault I think is they class us all the same. They should not think that we are all victims to bad habits. One thing I wish to remind them: If they bite without any cause they should never be mad when the same is returned. One lady in particular who signed as "Young Woman," Saskatoon, must have pondered over an immense dictionary in order to find us suitable names (?). Others write letters that we cannot very well understand. "Widow No. 2," says that "she is a widow by death." We would be very thankful if she would write and explain to us the way of being a true widow by any other means. There is one young lady whom I wish to bear reference to, signed "A Maiden

in Waiting." She seems to rest on very good principles, having reached the summit and climax of all wishes, viz: "a cheery word and a sweet smile." One is always greatly taken by such expressions; at the same time bachelors should ever and anon be on the alert over the changes of the gentler sex. In their evening dress they look so cheerful and happy, but wo! the sight we often witness when they poach the eggs at 7 a.m. If the young lady "A Maiden in Waiting" were to vow me to keep her promise in sunshine and showers, I would be very glad to correspond with her.

"Lonely Bachelor from Lone Point."

Bached Six Years.

Napinka, Man., Sept. 8, 1906.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for some time and have watched closely the letters on the matrimonial question. I think, like "Jolly Girl," that bachelors are not all as bad as some people make us out to be. I, for one, am 24 years of age and can honestly say that I have never tasted liquor or used tobacco, and I think there are lots more like me. I have bached it here in Manitoba for six years and am still alive, but I don't think I could survive six more, so if there is any young woman that would like my address, I would correspond with her for fun and results.

"A Jolly Bachelor."

Wants Fine Protestant Young Lady.

Moose Jaw, Sept. 10, 1906.

Editor.—I feel so satisfied after reading your magazine that I am sending you right away a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. You will see that I am a new subscriber, but still I have been following up the Correspondence columns of your paper as we have taken it at home for years. I would like you to get me the acquaintanceship of a fine young lady to correspond with as I am a young farmer with 160 acres of fine land and good water, only six miles from town and three from the railroad—a splendid part to live in. I am 24 years old and 5ft. 6 ins. in height. Am a Protestant, good living and don't smoke, chew or drink. I am of Irish descent and my people, who came from Ontario, are farming close by. Kindly send my address to

Excursions to Dixie Land

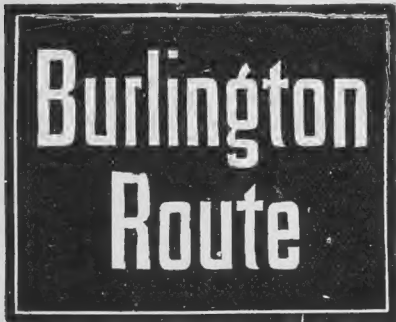
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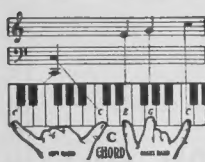
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any fine Protestant young lady as I
would like to correspond with her.

A Bachelor from Moose Jaw.

"Sour Sal" Has Her Say.

Riverview Farm, Sept. 14, 1906.
Editor:—I have been a silent reader
of your magazine and have become very
much interested in the Correspondence
columns. I have been trying to think
which side I should sympathise with—
the maiden or the bachelor. But at last
I have decided from reading a letter by
"Farmer Bachelor," who says the girls
want a soft snap and one by "A Bach-
elor," who says that girls will not marry
farmers, and look with disfavor on them.
I wonder how they arrived at such a
conclusion. Where I reside the farmers
are treated with due respect, but most
of the bachelors of to-day do not seek
a wife for a companion but just to keep
house, mend clothes, milk cows, etc.
That is why some bachelors find it diffi-
cult to get a help-mate. I like "Vac-
uum's" statement: "I don't want simply
a housekeeper, I want a wife." I think
that is very manly. It would be better
if more would follow his advice. As to
the girls being an expensive luxury, I
think they are wronged for that is not
a true statement, as there are girls who
would make good homes for good honest
bachelors who are worthy of a good
wife. With regard to drinking, I do not
say they all like it but am sorry to say
that many do. Boys, if you seek a good
wife, be manly, and I am sure you will
get one who will help you on well in
life, and I think you would deserve it,
but do not be quite so hard in your
judgment on Western girls. I have
lived on a farm all my life and have
helped outdoors when necessary, and
never been afraid of work of any kind.
If the bachelors out West would be more
sociable and considerate to the girls
around home I am sure they would find
the woman they are looking for.

"Sour Sal."

Jabez Invites Correspondence.

Rouleau, Sept. 6, 1906.
Editor:—I have been an interested
reader of your Correspondence page for
some time and was well pleased to see
my views so well stated in a letter in
the May issue signed "Disgusted," which
is one of the best I have seen in this
column. Courtship by correspondence
is too much like a lottery game to
sue me. Might as well get mar-
ried and try to keep house on the
correspondence plan too. I believe
that before making a final choice
for life, both parties should be
able to meet one another in their every-
day home or business life and so get an
idea of each other's real character. If
this were more often the case there
would be less use for the old saying:
"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."
"Little Rosebud" advises the bachelors
to look around home for a suitable help-
mate. Very good! But in this district
the bachelors outnumber the young
ladies by a rather hopeless majority—5
or 6 to 1, so the chaps who (like my-
self) are neither rich, smart or hand-
some, have rather a slim chance of
finding one of that "ten per cent." that
she speaks of. I know of a few young
men who (like myself) neither use to-
bacco, liquor or profane language, and
who would be glad to offer good homes
to the right kind of young women. An
exchange of ideas by letter might open
the way for personal acquaintanceship
later on and at the same time give a
fellow a bit of diversion in the rather
monotonous farm life, and if any of
your readers want a chance to waste
postage stamps in this line, just hand
them my address.

"Jabez."

"Nimrod" Right in Line.

Inga, Alta., Sept. 6, 1906.
Editor:—I am one of those Western
farmers taking an interest in your cor-
respondence columns and I enclose a
letter which you might kindly forward
to the lady signing herself "Jane Eyre."
I believe your kindly assistance in put-
ting those bachelors and maids (who
by the circumstances of their lives are
widely separated) in communication will
result in the establishment of many
homes and tend to keep the farms oc-
cupied instead of being sold to specu-
lators.

"Nimrod."

Has a Home for a Good Young Woman.

Fielding, Sask.—Sept 7, 1906.
Editor:—I have been very much in-
terested in reading the various letters
from bachelors and maidens in your cor-
respondence column. With your per-
mission I will express my views on the
matter. I think that most of the ladies
are rather hard on the young bachelor.
I think there are more young men that
have a high opinion of woman's sphere
in life than there are who want her for

a drudge. I notice in our own vicinity
so many bachelors who are working day
and night that they may make a com-
fortable, happy home for someone. But
they forget that happiness dwells in the
cottage and that life is quickly passing,
and before they are ready the best of
life has passed. Probably when the girl
is brought to this new home, she does
not fully appreciate what has been en-
dured for her. I often think that both
would be happier had they gone together
earlier in life and had both helped to
make the home. I am a young bachelor
and do not feel that I have a home
such as I would like a woman to enjoy;
still, I think that if love existed, all
other things would come right. I would
very much like to have a lady corres-
pondent and you may give my name to
anyone asking for it.

"Prairie Wanderer."

Billy Wants a Companion."

Sask., Sept. 10, 1906.
Editor:—Will you please put me in
touch with some good woman. I am a
C. P. R. operator and want a wife. Am
38 years of age and can give the right
kind of a woman a good home, and do
not want a servant but a companion.
"Billy No. 4."

Who Will Love Him.

Spring Lake, Alta., Sept. 8, 1906.
Editor:—I was looking through the
W. H. M. and noticed that you had a
matrimonial column. I will describe
myself a little. I weigh 165-170, am
5 ft. 10 ins. in height, and my looks
would stop a freight train. I am tired
of being a bachelor and want to cor-
respond with some lady who means
business. Better get anxious at once.
Bachelor O. K.

Alkalie Ike Not so Bad.

Eagle Butte, Alta., Sept. 9, 1906.
Editor:—As a reader of your magazine
I wish to hear from some young lady
who wishes to correspond with a cowboy
of the Cypress Hills, who is a bachelor
and understands stock. I am a lad of
24 summers, dark hair and blue eyes,
weight 155 lbs., and was raised in the
West. The girls in this country are
very conceited; being so many single
men they are all spoiled. I wish some-
one would try to convert the ideas of
some of the ladies who write to your
paper, as we don't all drink and smoke
and are very filthy, as they say we are.
"Alkalie Ike."

Drunkard Hard to Reform after Mar- riage

Prince Albert, Sept. 11, '06.
Editor:—In looking over the corres-
pondence in a recent issue, I see a
letter from a young lady who signs her-
self "Young Woman," Saskatoon. I
think she is quite right about the men
who drink not deserving a wife. If more
ladies thought the same and made their
thoughts known through the medium of
your excellent magazine, there would
not be so many unhappy homes. But
the trouble is that a number of young
women hold the view that they can re-
form the drunkard after marriage. I
think in most cases it proves a failure
and a life of misery is the result.
"Total Abstinence."

Wants Some Person to Correspond With.

Heather Brae, Alta., Sept. 10, '06.
Editor:—I am a reader of your maga-
zine and enjoy the correspondence very
much. The letters of the bachelors and
maidens are very amusing. The bachelors
are all young, sober, industrious and
good looking, and the girls are all right.
I am a farmer's daughter, young, not
very good-looking, and do not know
what kind of a housekeeper I would
make. I live in a lonely place, quite a
distance from neighbors and for that
reason would like correspondents of
either sex under 25 years. Well, Mr.
Editor, if you will put me in communi-
cation with some good-looking young
bachelors I will say nothing about ma-
trimony, only "Barkis is Willin'." I
would like to correspond with a "Home
Lover," Lauder, Man.
Only a Western Girl.

A Canny Sort of Gent.

Star City, Sask., Sept. 4, '06.
Editor:—I am a constant reader of
your valuable paper and should like to
air my thoughts a little. A number of
both sexes seems to me to be over
anxious in wishing to marry. It seems
according to their letters that they are
easily pleased in getting married. Get-
ting married is one of the easiest things
in the world, but getting a wife is quite
another thing. I am a bachelor of 35
yet I do not despair. I think a man,
should be 75 before he is really able to
select a pearl of the first water in the
form of a bride. Marriageables of the

gentler sex of to-day are as a rule, a fickle and brainless lot having nothing in their heads but marriage and dress. Having hurriedly and blindly obtained both, they then have time to take a common-sense view of the matter and in the majority of cases find out their mistake and become flirts and back-biters and gossipers—the most detestable of the human race. I hate a gossiping woman more than the devil does holy water. I could not entertain for a moment the idea of marrying a lady whom I had only known through corresponding with her. To my mind a man cannot know his bride too well beforehand. Afterwards, it is a little late for character studying. No man is a greater lover or admirer than myself of the true woman, but this type is as scarce and hard as hens' teeth. I have met but few ladies who came up to the standard of my ideal, and those were first out of my reach. When the bird with the right plumage flies my way and will condescend to cast in her lot with a farmer in straitened circumstances, I suppose it would not be unnatural as a man if I lose my head and become married, and if any of your lady readers wish to correspond with me from a friendly point of view, barring matrimony, I should be pleased to exchange views on this or any other subject which may please the writers.

Thanking you for so much of your valuable space.

Happy Jake.

Wants the Real Goods.

Maple Creek, Sask., Aug. 16, 1906.
Editor,—I am anxious to become acquainted with some jolly go-ahead girl who does not object to smoking and whiskey that is indulged in to moderation. One who can make herself a bright, amusing companion on a ranch some distance from town. She must be healthy and good tempered, fond of outdoor pursuits (riding, shooting, etc.) and if she is musical and a good singer so much the better.

There are plenty of girls of a certain class in this part of the country, but they do not suit my taste, as the effort to induce them to converse intelligently is exhausting to a degree.

The girl of my choice must be well-educated, not prudish, physically perfect and able to hold her own in any company. I want her to be a wife, not a slave. I am six feet two, weigh two hundred pounds, and can lick any man of my own weight in the West. Any young lady who corresponds with me will be treated with respect and consideration.

I suppose I should add that at present my worldly circumstances are not much to boast of, but I hope I could give the right kind of woman a happy life.

Thanking you in anticipation for this insertion. Yours faithfully,
"Sportsman."

No Girls in Lloydminster.

Lloydminster, Sask., Aug. 14, 1906.
Editor,—I have read with some interest your columns lately devoted to matrimonial purposes, and I must say it is a splendid idea. When one reads the letters of marriageable girls complaining of loneliness and longing for a congenial companion, and then on the other hand the awful number of bachelors with the same complaint, it is certainly time that some responsible paper took hold of the question.

Now around this part of the country there are innumerable bachelors who are really well fixed looking out for wives. There are certainly none to be had out here, so the few fellows who have married went back to the old country and brought a wife back with them.

The majority of the bachelors here are old countrymen, and there would be no difficulty of finding one well bred, well educated and with good principles and steady habits. All I hope is that some of the young ladies will get into communication with some of us bachelors as soon as possible, as it would certainly make life worth living to have a few nice bright girls around.

"Semper Paratus."

No Bad Habits.

Radisson, Sask., Aug. 6, 1906.
Editor,—I am a farmer bachelor, age 24, and have got my homestead patent and have also sold land at thirty dollars an acre for road allowance. My house is surrounded with young trees and situated right in front of an elegant lake. I have a good stock of cattle and three milch cows.

All I seem to lack is a nice little woman, as you know girls are very scarce in this new country. If you could only put me in correspondence with a nice, refined young lady I should feel grateful to you.

I might also add that I have no bad habits. I neither smoke nor drink, and would certainly take good care of a woman. I would like to get to business as soon as possible. None but a refined girl need apply.

"The Real Wheat."

Who Wants Him?

Gladstone, Man., July 27, 1906.
Editor,—I should be greatly obliged if you would forward my description on to any respectable young woman between 16 and 28, dark or fair, must possess a good form and not too short. I like your excellent magazine very

much. I am from the old country and only arrived here this spring and find it rather dull. This is a description of myself: Englishman, 5 ft. 8 in., weight 160 pounds, rather good looking, a gardener, wishes to correspond with respectable young woman with an ultimate view of marriage.

"A Rube."

A Generous Sort of Girl.

Oslar, Sask., Aug. 8, 1906.
Editor,—Please address the enclosed letter to "Roamer," Wascana, Sask., whose letter appeared in the March number of your magazine. I greatly sympathise with the bachelors of the West and will send you some names and addresses of my girl acquaintances for distribution among the many bachelors.

"Farmer's Daughter No. 7."

He's Easy Pleased.

Ponoka, Alta., Aug. 26, 1906.
Editor,—I am a widower, have backed it eleven years, a Protestant of good moral habits, temperate and would like a wife, middle age, who is qualified for a farmer's wife. I am not particular about beauty; if she is clever and affectionate, it is all I expect, and I am prepared to take chances on the balance. I like the ring of that old maid's letter from Edmonton, but when she talks about being good looking it makes me a little embarrassed. Hoping to hear from some woman who is in the market.

"F. O. D."

Wants an Introduction.

Mannville, Aug. 10, 1906.
Editor,—I would like to correspond with "Maiden Fair" of Edmonton. I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly, and I trust you will take sufficient interest in me to enable me to get acquainted.

"Ploughboy."

Will Send us Photos.

Knee Hill Valley, Alta., Aug. 14, 1906.
Editor,—Please forward the enclosed letter to "Canadian Girl." I thank you very much for the interest you take in helping me to find a Christian wife. I will comply with your request, and if I find a good wife through your assistance I will send you both our photos for use in your magazine.

"Alberta Boy."

Bush Whacker's Views.

Eric, B. C., Aug. 26, 1906.
Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine for some time, and the correspondence interests me.

I have several years' experience in B. C. and the Northwest, and permit me to say a few words in regard to the matrimonial question, which seems to be the order of the day. To begin with, I think the first thing every sensible homesteader should do is to hunt him up the girl whom fate has ordained should be his helpmate through life.

It is all very fine to talk of a young man spending several years on a homestead, in the hopes of some day, when he has plenty of money and a comfortable home, he will go east and woo and win a maiden fair. It's rather a far-fetched dream for the man who lives alone on a homestead for, say, five years.

He takes big chances of continuing a bachelor for the remainder of his life. I only know of one thing that is going to make him happy after he is married and that is a woman's love. It's a poor sort of a love that has to be bought with a price, and the girl who is not willing to go with the man she loves and live with him in a shack and a homestead for two or three years is not worth having.

"Bush Whacker."

Wants a Wife.

Oneway, Alta., Aug. 25, 1906.
Editor,—It is with great interest that I have read the several letters from young women who would like to find a husband. I should like to correspond with one of them with a view to getting married. I am a bachelor homesteader, Swede descent, age 32.

Alberta Bachelor No. 2.

He Earns \$5.00 a Day.

Radisson, Sask., Aug. 20th, 1906.
Editor,—I read my Home Monthly, and am very much interested in it. I am a bachelor, age 32. I have a good situation, and earn on an average \$5.00 a day. I am steady, living an ordinary everyday life. I would much like to correspond with a nice refined young person with a view to matrimony.

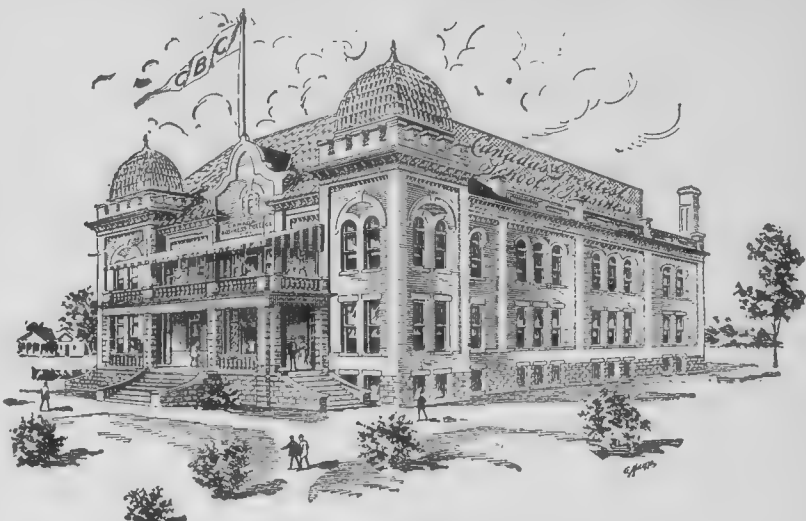
"Tom Thumb."

Thinks "Mother's Girl" O. K.

Manitoba, Aug. 17, 1906.
Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence in the Western Home Monthly for some months. I like the way in which "Mother's Girl" writes. She writes common sense, and shows that she has given some thought to the subject. I would like to correspond with her, providing she would be willing. I am sending you a letter to be mailed to her.

"Lonely Bac."

THE NEW HOME OF THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.



Canada's Greatest School of Business.

The school, which, for the past 30 years, has been growing in greatness and increasing in strength and popularity, until it was found necessary to erect this splendid building and equip it with magnificent furnishings and grounds at a cost of nearly \$30,000 THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

College reopened for the 31st school year in the new premises Tuesday, Sept. 4 with students registering from Newfoundland on the East to British Columbia on the West.

The English Speaking World is our Field.

Manitoba and the North West provinces sent twelve and province of Quebec sent six to Chatham last year, while a very large number in same territories took our Home Training Courses in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Penmanship.

Our beautiful catalogue will tell you much about this high class business school, and the grand work it has accomplished during the past 30 years.

Our Home Training Department.

We can give you instruction at your home in Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Penmanship.

If you cannot come to Chatham write for—Catalogue C which tells you all about our home courses.

If you wish to attend at Chatham write for Catalogue H.

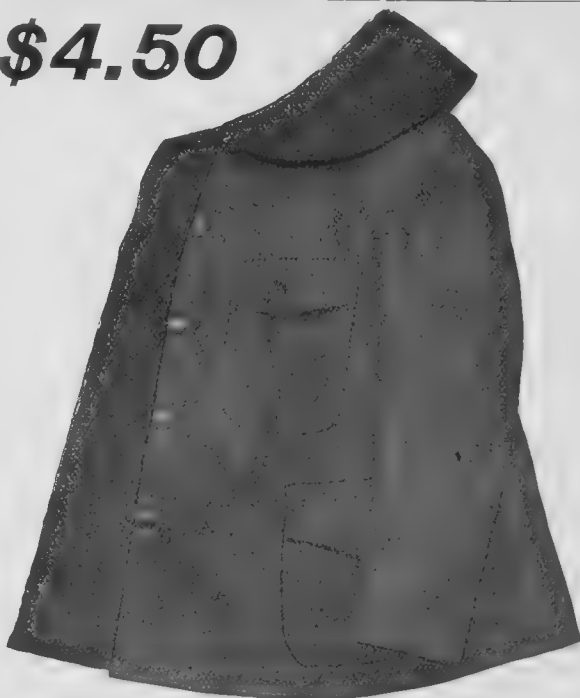
We allow railway fare up to \$8 to students from a distance.

Good board and room with private families at \$2.50 to \$2.75 per week.

Write for the catalogue you want, addressing:

D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.

\$4.50



SHEEP
LINED

The correct kind of a working coat for a cold country. It is made of a closely woven 6 oz. brown duck, the body of coat is lined with natural wool sheep-skin, and the sleeves are cotton fleece-lined, deep sheep-skin collar, two Kentilever pockets. Send us \$4.50 for one of these well made high grade sheep-lined coats, and if after you have examined it carefully, you find that it is not even better than we say it is, and is fully equal to any coat sold at nearly double the price we ask, send it back at our expense, when we will at once return your money.

Sizes 36 to 48. Our price only \$4.50. Order early.

Dep't, "M"

The MACDONALD MAIL ORDER Limited Winnipeg, Canada.

Health is more important than business, yet it gets far less attention.

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

(Maple Leaf label, our trade mark).

Is healthful and nutritious, and very digestible. It is good for old and young.

The Cowan Co. Ltd., Toronto.

PILES

A Trial Package of the Wonderful Pyramid Pile Cure is sent by Mail to Everyone to test Thoroughly Free of Charge.

"I have tried your pile cure and find them all you recommend them. I am very thankful to you for ever putting them within my reach, for I have had one box and I have not used all of them yet, and I feel like a new woman to-day, and I tell everybody about them. When I started them I could not walk across the floor, but now I can do my work all right. My work was a burden to me before I started them, but I can tell you that I can work much better now. You can rely on me, I will tell everybody about Pyramid Pile Cure. Yours sincerely, Mrs. J. Bond, Toronto, Canada, 33 Pears Ave."

Or if you want to prove this matter at our expense, before purchasing, send your name and address to the PYRAMID DRUG CO., 52 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Michigan, and receive a sample packet free by return mail.

The use of the wonderful Pyramid Pile Cure avoids the danger and expense of an operation. You cure yourself with perfect ease, in your own home, and for little expense.

Gives instant relief, heals sores and ulcers, reduces congestion and inflammation, and takes away pain and itching.

After you have tried the sample treatment, and you are satisfied, you can get a full regular-sized treatment of Pyramid Pile Cure at your druggist's for 50 cents. If he hasn't it, send us the money and we will send you the treatment at once, by mail, in plain sealed package.

SKIN TROUBLES

CURED BY MAIL



You don't have to come east to us to have any skin, scalp, hair or complexional trouble you may be afflicted with successfully cured, we can treat you at home without discomfort. For over fourteen years we have been making a specialty of this work. Today the Graham Dermatological Institute is known from Ocean to Ocean on account of the wonderful work accomplished by its principals. Read the list and write us if you want our help.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, BLOTCHES

Eczema, Rashes, Dandruff, Tan Freckles, Mothpatches, Sallowness, Muddiness, Scaly Skin, Acne Rosacea, Red Nose, Large Pores, Faded, Failing and Gray Hair, Wrinkles, Faded Skin, Hollow Cheeks and Neck, Eyes Inflamed, Goitre, Tender Hands and Feet, Bunions, etc., etc.

We have reliable home remedies for these and many other complexional troubles. No one remedy a "cure-all." Consultation Free. Send 10c. for book and sample of Cream. Let Canada's reliable and experienced skin specialists cure your trouble.

Graham Dermatological Institute
Dept. W., 502 Church St., Toronto.

Looking for a Loving Wife.

Durban, Man., Sept. 2, '06.
Editor:—I have been an interested reader of the correspondence columns of your magazine and wish to say that I am a young man, twenty seven years of age, 160 lbs. in weight, and live on a farm in Swan Valley. I would like to correspond with young ladies from 20 to 27 for amusement or matrimony. I do not use either tobacco or liquor and am looking for a kind and loving wife who is not afraid of the usual farm work. Wishing your magazine every success.

"One Who Likes the Girls."

Will Become a Subscriber.

Oxbow, Sask., Sept. 4, '06.
Editor:—If you will forward the enclosures to their addresses and I obtain a reply, you can bank on a new subscriber. One is to "Jane Eyre" and the other to "Maiden in Waiting."

Oxbow.

What Age Might He Be?

Youngstown, Alta., Sept. 7, '06.
Editor:—Am a middle-aged farmer's son of good, clean habits and strictly sober. Height 6 ft.; weight 170 lbs. Have bached two weeks and wasted food enough to keep a family of twelve.

"From the States."

Who'll Take Pity on Him?"

Winnipeg, Sept. 8th, 1906.
Editor:—As an enthusiastic reader of your valuable paper, might I trespass upon the space in your correspondence column to ask whether any young lady would care to correspond with me. I am a young English gentleman who has been obliged to come out here through no fault of his own and would like to meet a young lady who is similarly placed. But she must be a lady born and bred. I prefer to remain anonymous but a letter sent to the General Delivery, Winnipeg, will fetch me.

"S. York."

A Receipt to Obtain a Husband.

Perley, Sask., Sept. 4, '06.
Editor:—Last week while reading your paper, I came across the correspondence page and was surprised at the number of young ladies who are wanting husbands. Well, I have thought that if some of these young ladies would hire into a farm kitchen, they would soon get good husbands. We would gladly take a girl and I am sure if she is a likely lass she will soon get a farmer husband as there are some very likely young men around us.

"Old Subscriber."

In Need of a Wife.

Mortlach, Sask., Sept. 8, '06.
Editor:—I see in your correspondence list one from Halbrite signing "A Single Miss." I would like you to forward enclosed letter to her as I am a bachelor here at Mortlach and in much need of a wife. I have a homestead and am in a fair way towards making a home for a partner in life and would like to correspond with some of the fair sex.

"A Patient Waiter."

Would Marry any Decent Girl.

Yarrow, Alta., Sept. 7, '06.
Editor:—Will you please send the enclosed letter to Jane Eyre. I am a young bachelor, not bad-looking, and have some property here. I do not like baching, and would marry any nice, decent girl. I have no bad habits, do not drink or smoke, and am well educated.

"H. C."

We'll Do Our Best For You.

Vermilion, Alta., Sept. 5, '06.
Editor:—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, it gives me great pleasure to say that it meets the full requirements of our farmers, and in addition it is an ideal home paper. I note with great interest your matrimonial columns. With your kind permission, I should like this letter inserted and hope it may attract the attention of some maiden. If through the medium of your valuable paper you are able to bring me into communication with one who will meet my requirements, my cup of happiness will be complete. My occupation is mixed farming and ranching. Age 24, height 6 ft., weight 185 lbs., fair complexion, disposition loving, and religion Protestant. Should there be any charge for inserting this, kindly advise and I will forward it.

"Arthur Breckenridge."

White Brush, Alta., Sept. 4, '06.
Editor:—Please send enclosed letter to correspondent signing herself "Jane Eyre," and oblige.

"G. L."

A Plain Working Man.

Okotoks, Alta., Sept. 3, '06.
Editor:—I thought I would write you this letter as I have been a reader of your magazine and greatly enjoy the correspondence column. I want a wife, and am 26 years of age, 5 ft. 11 ins. in height and weigh 180 lbs. I am a working man and am working for Okotoks & High River Lumber Co. I am an American Protestant.

Sam.

Says He's Good Boy.

Oxbow, Sask.
Editor:—Please send my name to anyone who may ask for it. I am a bachelor of good conduct and want a wife of the same sort. I am sober and industrious, and would like to correspond with a few of the good ladies with a view to matrimony.

"A Canadian Bachelor"

"Bachelor No. 5."

Belmont, Man., August 10, '06.

Editor:—Please forward enclosed letter to the lady from Ontario who signs her name as "Jane Eyre."

"Blue Eyes."

Wakopa, Man., Aug. 6, '06.

Editor:—Would you kindly forward the enclosed letter to the young lady writing from Portage la Prairie, who signs herself "Manitoba Daughter."

"W. M. R."

Westview, Sask., Sept. 6, '06.

Editor:—Kindly forward enclosed to the writer of the letter signed "Jane Eyre."

Another Bachelor.

Amusing Advertisements.

Advertisers in the Western Home Monthly, and in other publications, spend their money for obvious reasons; they hope to get it back. In order that they may spend their money judiciously, they want to know the papers in which it pays them to advertise, and also the papers in which it will not pay them to advertise. Readers, therefore, who reply to advertisements appearing in the Western Home Monthly will confer a favor on advertisers and on the publishers of this paper as well, by stating that they "saw the advertisement in the Western Home Monthly."

Advertisers who use space in a number of papers exercise some ingenuity in seeking to induce readers to address them in such a way that they can tell in what publication the advertisement was seen. For example, an advertiser will give his post office address in the Western Home Monthly as Box 56, when, as a matter of fact, he may have no box at the post office at all. In another paper the address in his advertisement may be Box 25 or some other number. Or the advertiser may vary the street number, or even the street. This system is called "keying" the advertisement.

It is therefore an act of simple courtesy on the part of the reader to give the exact address in replying to advertisements. It is well also in all cases for the reader to state in what paper he saw the advertisement, as some advertisers do not have a system of "keying" their advertisements. They nevertheless desire to know what publication brought their announcement to the notice of the person who writes them. When writing advertisers, please mention the Western Home Monthly, and you will confer a favor on the publishers and on the advertisers.

As They Do with Potatoes.

Silas Hayfield: That stuff growing over there is cat-tails.

Miss Summergirl: Do they have to pull them up to get the cats?

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

FREE CATARRH CURE

Bad Breath, K'Hawking and Spitting Quickly Cured—Fill Out Free Coupon Below.



Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure you that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 7117 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

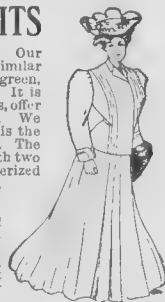
FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to
C. E. GAUSS, 7117, Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

\$6.95 FALL SUITS

We make ladies tailored suits. Our leader is a Vicuna cloth (dull finish) similar to broadcloth in Black, Navy, Dark green, Dark Grey, Seal Brown, and Fawn. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We, the makers, offer it Direct from our factory at \$6.95. We sell hundreds of these suits. It is the largest advertised suit in the world. The Jacket has a tight fitting back, with two straps down front and back, mercurized satin lined. The skirt is 7 gore, three tucks on each front seam, flaring at knee.

Money refunded if suit is not entirely satisfactory. Jacket separate, \$4.95; Skirt separate, \$3.95. Give bust measure, around waist, and around hips, and length of skirt in front. Add 80c and we will pay postage on suit. Order to-day.



SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. DEPT. 76. LONDON, CAN.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter; salary \$900 per year or \$75 per month and expenses, \$3 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

Beautify Your Home

A. G. Holmes' famous picture, "Can't You Talk" (24 x 17 in.), in original colors on heavy artgraving paper; a credit to any home. Worth \$1.00. A few will be sold cheaper. Cut out this Advertisement and send 30c. for a copy.

Winnipeg Pictorial Co., 308 College Ave. WINNIPEG.

WOMAN'S \$15 tailored suits \$6.95. Send for fashions, cloth samples and catalogue, showing everything you use wholesale. Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 76, London, Ont.

British Subjects in Canada

Have a good portrait of King Edward and Queen Alexandra? For 25c. we will send you a three quarter length artgraving in colors, 24 x 17 inches. Acknowledged to be best likeness of their Majesties. Should be in every loyal home.

Winnipeg Pictorial Co., 308 College Ave. WINNIPEG.

Be Particular
about the little things you eat.
Impure salt is just as injuri-
ous as impure milk or butter.
There is one salt you can
always depend upon as being
absolutely pure and whole-
some—

Windsor SALT

PURE WOOL
HEWSON
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makers of good clothes
in Canada use Hewson
Tweeds. Look for the tag
that guarantees pure wool.

73

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Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.
Mention Western Home Monthly.

DON'T PUT MONEY IN A LETTER!

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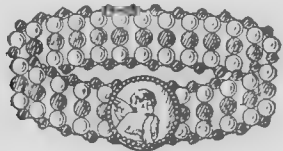
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Cheque is lost or destroyed the amount will be
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Having an extra supply of these beautiful
beaded bracelets we will give them almost away.
Send 10 cents and we will send 50 Handsome
Silk Pieces, also this beautiful **Bracelet** made
of colored polished barrettes, also 3 Breast
Pins, 1 Scarf Pin, Fancy Work Book and
pretty Perfume Locket. This entire lot post-
paid, only 10 cents. Address:—

H. C. BUCHANAN CO., Box, 1528 New York.

Jugger's Double.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

As fiction contains so many ex-
amples of duplicate personalities, or
"doubles," as they are commonly
called, our old friend, Jugger, was
right in the fashion when he dis-
covered that there existed another
man as near like himself in appear-
ance as one warty toad is like an-
other.

He discovered, about the same time,
that his double was an enterprising
fellow, a genius in his way. His
first intimation of the existence of
this duplicate came during a journey
that he was making to a part of the



"She had kissed him fourteen consecutive times"

State somewhat removed from his
home. He noticed that the gentle-
man who sat opposite to him in the
cars had for some time been regard-
ing him with interest. He thought
little of it till the stranger, catching
Jugger's eye, addressed him with:

"Glad to see you. When did you
get out?"

"Out of what?" questioned Jugger.
"The Insane Asylum, of course,"
answered the other, in a loud whis-
per. "Tell me all about it. 'Twill
make at least a column and a half for
the Daily Hewgag!"

"I don't know what—" "
"Why, just tell me about your kill-
ing your wife and children; I know
all about the burning of the house
and the chasing of the neighbors
with an axe. Tell—"

The stranger suddenly ceased,
frightened by Jugger's look of wrath.
He edged out of his seat and took to
the smoking-car, muttering some-
thing about "it's coming onto him
again."

"He mistook me for someone who
resembles me," Jugger told himself.
"But confound it, I don't look like a
lunatic!"

The next time he struck the trail
of his double was very soon after he
left the cars. He was proceeding
leisurely up the street when an irate
citizen rushed out of a store and fell
upon our friend and smote him hip
and thigh.

"Oh, I've been laying for you, darn
you!" the thumper cried, as he beat
Jugger full sore. "A man can't call
me a jack-leg and shyster behind my
back and not suffer for it!"

Jugger protested that he had not
called the other anything behind his
back or anywhere else, but in vain.
He did not succeed in getting away
till the thumper considered the jack-
leg insult avenged. Jugger drew
out his note-book and, as he limped
away, put down a black mark
against his unknown double.

Before he reached the hotel he was
arrested upon a charge of swindling
which stood against his double, and
was only released when he exhibited
the strongest symptoms of having a
fit. His double, the real swindler,
never had fits. He had just finished
putting down another long black
mark in his note-book, when a young
lady fell upon his neck, hugging him
rapturously, shedding great, hot tears
inside of his collar, and declaring in

callopie tones that she had heard that
he had committed suicide. She had
kissed him fourteen consecutive times
before Jugger succeeded in convinc-
ing her that he was not the man who
had committed suicide. Then, on the
credit side of his note-book, he put
fourteen kisses on account of his
double.

On the way to the hotel, he was
presented with a tailor's bill, caned
by an irate citizen who swore that his
daughter had been insulted by our
friend, caught by the collector of
road taxes, who vowed he had been
dodged as long as he was going to
be, and followed by a half-starved
dog that evidently recognized him as
his master.

Arriving at the hotel, Jugger met
a warm if not cordial reception.
"You need not take the trouble to
register!" said the clerk. "You can-
not find accommodation here! I told
you never to—"

"But there is some terrible mis-
take. I am—"

"I know all about who you are!
Get out!"

"But—"

"Patrick!"

"Patrick" appeared, rolling up his
sleeves, and Jugger took his depart-
ure. Out in the street, he charged
up another black mark against his
double.

Finally, he secured accommoda-
tions in a hotel that evidently knew
not his prototype. Ten minutes later,
complications to arise. Inside
of an hour seventeen collectors had
presented bills for hats, drinks, horse-
hire, rag-weed exterminators, razors,
bustles, blood-hounds, potted tar,
photographs of the eclipses, itch reme-
dies, stovepipe stretchers, and so
many more things that had been
bought, borrowed, hired or stolen by
Jugger's lively double, that our poor
friend totally lost all count of them.
These visitations were rendered all
the more thrilling by the fact that
most of the collectors threatened to
speedily and scientifically remove
Jugger's cuticle unless prompt pay-
ment was forthcoming. They were
paid.

Variety was lent to the calls of the
duns by the appearance of a loud-
voiced lady with eight interesting
children with unwashed faces. She
proceeded to claim Jugger as the



"He finally escaped by climbing down the fire escape."

husband of her bosom and the father
of the eight unwashed children. She
called Jugger "ducky darling," cuffed
the children wappy-jawed, and told
the duns how cold Jugger's feet were.
It was only after arguments enough
to have moved mountains, almost,
that Jugger succeeded in convincing
her that he was not her other half.

He had hardly time to charge his
double up with many black marks
when a savage-looking citizen rushed
in and demanded in tones of thunder
why he had not been at the rendez-
vous, declaring that, when a gentle-
man challenged a degraded cur to
mortal combat because of a deadly
insult offered by the cur in question,

Charcoal Kills Bad Breath.

**Disagreeable Odor arising from
Indigestion or from any Habit
or Indulgence, can be
instantly stopped.**

Sample Package Mailed Free.

Other people notice your bad breath
where you would not notice it at all.
It is nauseating to other people to
stand before you and while you are
talking, give them a whiff or two of
your bad breath. It usually comes
from food fermenting on your stomach.
Sometimes you have it in the morning,
—that awful sour, bilious, bad breath.
You can stop that at once by swallow-
ing one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozen-
ges, the most powerful gas and odor
absorbers ever prepared.

Sometimes your meals will reveal
themselves in your breath to those who
talk with you. "You've had onions," or
"You've been eating cabbage," and all
of a sudden you bech in the face of
your friend. Charcoal is a wonderful
absorber of odors, as every one knows.
That is why Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges
are so quick to stop all gases and odors
of odorous foods, or gas from indiges-
tion.

Don't use breath perfumes. They
never conceal the odor, and never ab-
sorb the gas that causes the odor. Be-
sides, the very fact of using them re-
veals the reason for their use. Stuart's
Charcoal Lozenges in the first place
stop for good all sour brash and belch-
ing of gas, and make your breath pure,
fresh and sweet, just after you've eaten.
Then no one will turn his face away
from you when you breathe or talk;
your breath will be pure and fresh,
and besides your food will taste so
much better to you at your next meal.
Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things,
too. It carries away from your stomach
and intestines all the impurities there
massed together, and which causes the
bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as
well as an absorber.

Charcoal is now by far the best, most
easy and mild laxative known. A whole
boxful will do no harm; in fact, the
more you take the better. Stuart's
Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure
willow charcoal and mixed with just a
faint flavor of honey to make them pal-
atable for you, but not too sweet. You
just chew them like candy. They are
absolutely harmless.

Get a new, pure, sweet breath, freshen
your stomach for your next meal, and
keep the intestines in good working
order. These two things are the secret
of good health and long life. You can
get all the charcoal necessary to do
these wonderful but simple things by
getting Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. We
want you to test these little wonder
workers yourself before you buy them.
So send us your full name and address
for a free sample of Stuart's Charcoal
Lozenges. Then after you have tried
the sample, and been convinced, go to
your druggist and get a 25c. box of
them. You'll feel better all over, more
comfortable, and "cleaner" inside.

Send us your name and address to-
day and we will at once send you by
mail a sample package, free. Address,
F. A. Stuart Co., 60 Stuart Bldg., Mar-
shall, Mich.

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Rev. R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D.
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1881 \$100,000 PROPERTY 1906
1881 4,000 STUDENTS 1906
1881 400 GRADUATES 1906



Provides the best to be found in the highest
grade of Ladies' Colleges. Classes very successful
in University examinations.
Half-fare railroad rates to Western students.
Re-opens Sept. 10. Send for catalogue to
Principal Warner.

DETECTIVES

Shrewd men wanted in every community, to
act under instructions; previous experience not
necessary. Send for free book of particulars.
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MEN WANTED RELIABLE men
throughout United States and Canada to
advertise our goods, tacking up show cards
on trees, fences, bridges, and all conspicuous places; dis-
tributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary
\$30 a month and expenses \$3.50 a day. Steady employ-
ment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for
you. No experience needed. Write for particulars.
SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada

Fine Furs



AN UNUSUALLY fine showing of all the best and most stylish furs to be seen anywhere.

HAMMOND'S

The Fur Store of Winnipeg and the West has a stock which in quality, variety, and exquisite attractiveness cannot be surpassed.

Our Guarantee

Every garment that goes out of this establishment is personally inspected. The tiniest bit of neck fur cannot leave our premises unless it is perfect. You get a guarantee with every fur article. Insist on "Reliability" in purchasing furs, and buy where you will find it.

Write to-day for our latest catalogue, beautifully illustrated throughout. It will interest you.

Hammond

SUPERIOR FURS.

Winnipeg.

A LIFETIME

of practical experience in the Grain Trade and an active connection with the trade of Western Canada since its infancy should be worth considerable to producers and shippers generally. Ship your grain to me and get the benefit of this experience. My facilities for handling consignments are up-to-date.

200 Grain Exchange

S. SPINK.

Drawer 1300

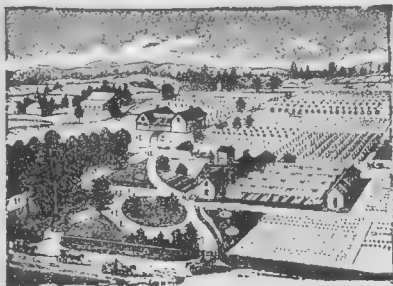
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"Canada's Greatest Nurseries"



Thoroughly tested and recommended by the Western Experimental Stations at Brandon and Indian Head as suitable varieties for MANITOBA, ALBERTA and SASKATCHEWAN.

SALESMEN WANTED

Start now at best selling time.

Big Inducements

Pay Weekly

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Specially designed Western Outfit Free.

For full information and catalogue write

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I CAN SELL

Your Real Estate or Business

NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED

Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write to-day describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere, at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAFF,
THE LAND MAN,
415 KANSAS AVENUE,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Ave. New York City

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
The Western Home Monthly.

he expected the said cur to be at the slaughter-ground within ten hours of the appointed time.

By the time that an ancient maiden, who declared that Jugger had proven false to his promise to wed her, had wept on his neck, Jugger seemed on the point of having a "stroke." A little later, a message came from the City Physician to the effect that his wife, who was in the poor-house, had given birth to twins.

A bell-boy came up with the news that there was in the office a crate which had just arrived by express with \$23.80 charges on it, and which contained a large baboon with red Donegal whiskers. Next came a suspicious-looking character who made a whispered request for "that thar counterfeit money you promised me." And so it went on till Jugger was nearly crazy and there were many long black marks charged up against his enterprising double.

He finally escaped by climbing out of the window and shinning down the fire-escape. He hurried to a saloon to obtain a nerve- tonic, of which he was sadly in need, but had hardly entered the establishment before he emerged a-flying, with the "bouncer" of the place close to his immediate past.

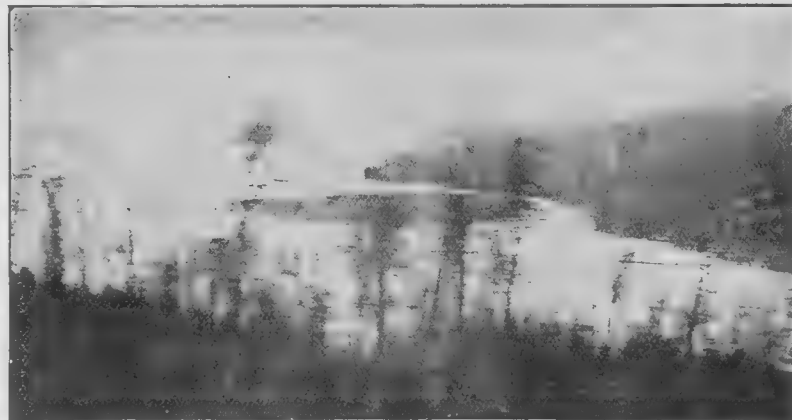
"Take dat!" cried the "bouncer." "Told ye dat de naixt toime Oi'd."

But Jugger was departing. Finally, he obtained in another saloon the coveted tonic. After imbibing the tonic and a large amount of courage with it, Jugger armed himself with a club and started out to hunt his double.

He found him at last in one of the

that boiling utterly spoils coffee. To boil coffee for an indefinitely long period—say ten to fifteen minutes, is almost as bad as to boil tea-leaves, throw away the liquor, and eat the leaves minced up with butter, pepper and salt, as did that bewildering old lady who lived in the days of our great-grandmothers. The careful housewife of to-day is apt to stew her coffee, thinking that she is drawing out the flavor. How little she knows that the essential volatile oil, which gives to coffee its beautiful aroma and exquisite flavor, is vanishing up the chimney or diffusing itself upon the air of the kitchen all the while the coffee is boiling. R. Paterson and Sons, the famous coffee specialists of Glasgow, have long had upon the British market, and have now introduced into this country, a really delicious coffee—a revelation of ease and economy to all true lovers of this delightful beverage. "Camp" Coffee, as Messrs. Paterson name their specialty, retains its full fragrance and freshness for any length of time in any climate. Not the least advantage of this most highly enjoyable "Camp Coffee" is that it requires no cooking whatever, merely the addition of boiling water. Prepared from the purest and finest coffee berries, under the most approved modern processes; of guaranteed uniform strength, flavor and quality, it is impossible that those who try a bottle of the incomparable "Camp" should be other than delighted with it.

We much regret a typographical error in Clare & Brockest's advertisement in our August issue. They were mentioned as making the "lightest" type of range on the market. Lightest should of course have been "highest" and we trust this unfortunate substitution of words did not mislead any of our readers' minds with regard to the



THE LAKE AT FORT QU'APPELLE

most sumptuous saloons in the city. Taking a firmer hold on his club, Jugger advanced toward his double, who also had a club and was advancing toward the open doorway that was between them. When they were only a little way apart, Jugger raised his club with the intention of wiping out the wrongs that the black marks in the note-book represented. Seeing his adversary also raise his club, Jugger leaped at him with the ferocity of a tiger, and, with a mighty stroke, shattered to a thousand pieces—the large plate-glass mirror in which his image had been so perfectly reflected.

After he had been whipped by the barkeeper and fined at the police court, Jugger hastened out of town by the shortest trail and reached home in a state that bordered closely on insanity. He never saw his double, and, to this day, there are many long black marks on the debit side of his note-book.

high quality of Clare & Brockest's stoves.

McLaughlin & Ellis, Winnipeg, write: "We have secured the services of F. W. Upham, formerly of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, who will in future have charge of our option business. We are continuously represented on the floor of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce and the Chicago Board of Trade, and as Mr. Upham will personally attend to the execution of all orders intrusted to us, we feel in asking for a share of your business (either speculative or hedging accounts) that we are offering you a service which you cannot obtain elsewhere."

In this issue appears the advertisement of the British-American Finance Co., Ltd., of San Francisco. We are informed that they are offering participation in a splendid high-class industrial enterprise. Anyone looking for a good investment should write to the British-American Finance Co., Ltd., and they will receive full particulars. It may interest our readers to learn that the British-American Finance Co., Ltd., of San Francisco, apart from the investment they now advertise, is very extensively engaged in shipping and contracting of all building materials from British Columbia for the re-building of destroyed San Francisco. Very large quantities of granite, sandstone, marble and lime have been contracted for by them and the "Victoria Times" of August 18th, give to their British Columbia end a splendid send-off. Parties interested, when receiving their literature, will no doubt be surprised at the great scope and grand opportunities presented by the investment offered.

Piles and female diseases can be cured. To prove it I send a free package of my vegetable cure. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 2057, Kokomo, Ind.

Poetry of the Hour.

Carneguay.

C. T. DeBrisay.

What you call 'im?—Carneguay?
I tink dat 'ees ees nam;
Dat feller's got whole lot money,
Spouse more 'an oder man.

Well, sir, he's make one funny rule,
And ver good rule, dey say;
No need no more for to school,
To learn to write l'anglais.

If you can speak, dat's all you care,
To write 'ees easy ting;
So long you put de letter dare,
And notice how it ring.

Mos' any man can write dat way,
No need for go to school,
And if you can't, well, then I say,
By gosh! you mus be fool.

But how you tink he fix la chose,
Wit Edouard and Laurier?
He build de bibliotheque, I spouse,
In every large city.

He spend one million—den some more,
Buy all de book he can;
By cripe! I tink he would be poor,
If he was 'noder man.

Some feller laugh about 'ees rule,
"It 'ees no good," dey say;
For sure, dey sooner go to school
And learn de proper way.

Some oder feller say de same,
But soon dey get some pay;
And den, although dey have big name,
Dey shout for Carneguay.

For me, my fren, I'm valry glad,
We have new rule to-day;
I write de English not too bad—
Tanks be to Carneguay.

Bread Upon the Waters.

Richard Watson Gilder.

A melancholy, life-o'erwearied man
Sat in his lonely room, and, with slow
breath,
Counted his losses—thrice wrecked plan
on plan,
Failure of friend, and hope, and hearth
and faith—
This last the deadliest, and holding all.
Help was there none in weeping, for the
years
Had stolen all his treasury of tears.
Then on a printed page his eyes did fall,
Where sprang such words of courage
that they seemed
Cries on a battlefield, or as one dreamed
Of trumpets sounding charges; on he
read
With curious, half-remembering, musing
mind.
The ringing of that voice had something
stirred
In his deep heart, like music long since
heard.
Brave words, he sighed; and looked
where they were signed;
There, reading his own name, tears made
him blind.

Her Garden.

Edmund Burke, M. A.

The garden path winds here and there,
And leads unto her favorite seat
Where lilac plumes waved overhead,
And daisies blushed to kiss her feet;
While frail laburnums, April's fire,
O'er-topped the hawthorn and sweet-
briar.

I see her stoop and gently take
The lily from its lowly bed,
And for the fragrant southernwood
Pass by the tulip's flaunting red,
And hear her say with gentle zest,
She loved old-fashioned flowers the best.
She treads the winding path no more,
I seek alone that shady spot,
Where still in spring the lilacs bloom
And shines the blue forget-me-not:
While on a dainty apple spray
The thrush re-echoes his own lay.

Is it a flash of angel wings,
Or only swallows in their flight?
We tread the well-known path again,
I hear her footstep slow and light;
She comes to greet, and every flower
Breathes incense on that sacred hour.

Her smile dispels the shades of death,
Lit by the soul's Shekinah glow,
And bliss beyond all human speech
Our souls in sweet communion know;
So Hope remains with peaceful eyes,
And waits that other Paradise.

I Heard a Voice.

By Theodosia Garrison.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a vallant soul I knew)
And the joy of his song was a wild
bird winging
Swift to his mate through a sky of
blue.

Myself—I sang when the dawn was
flinging
Wide his guerdon of fire and dew;
I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew).

And his song was of love and all its
bringing
And of certain day when the night
was through;
I raised my eyes where the hope was
springing,
And I think in his heaven God smiled,
too.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a vallant soul I knew).
—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

Simple Questions.

I asked my papa why the world
Is round instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air,
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back.

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh,
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray.
And then my pa got up an' oh,
The offul words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sen' me off to bed!

The Wanderer.

James B. Kenyon.

Have you seen our little one?
Yesterday
In our midst she sweetly shone,
Radiant, star-like; there were none
But did love her; ah, they say
That we've lost her—that she's gone
Far away.

You would know her on the street.
Shining hair,
Eyes of blue, and dainty feet—
You would know her should you meet
Our lost darling anywhere;
God's own saints are not more sweet,
Nor more fair.

We have sought her to and fro,
But in vain;
Ah! if she could only know
How our hearts with tears o'erflow,
She would come to us again;
She would take away our woe,
Heal our pain!

Shall we ever see her more?—
Shining head,
Laughing lips and eyes of yore?
Shall we have her as before—
Our lost bird that lightly spread
The swift, viewless wings she wore,
And so fled?

Love's Immortality.

By Elsa Barker.

Among those things that make our love
complete
And high beyond all others I have
known,
This knowledge is not least: That
we have sown
Together seeds of beauty that shall
greet
Strange years in blossoms that the reck-
less feet
Of death shall not destroy; that we
have shown
To blinded eyes the visions of our
own,
And made our blood in other's veins to
beat

Why should we yearn for immortality
In some imagined heaven, when on
earth
Our flowers of song perfumed the
dusty road
And speak to passers-by of you and me?
Enough if we have justified our birth
Ere entering the inscrutable abode.
—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

FREE Monarch Cook Book

THE Monarch Cook Book was prepared for us by Helen Mar Thomson, widely recognized as one of the highest authorities on Domestic Science.

It contains 588 recipes, many of which were prepared exclusively for this Book. All of them are simple, easily made and inexpensive. It also contains practical menus for the whole year, and valuable hints on marketing.

We want everyone who intends to buy a range within a year to have this book. 20 pages of it are devoted to showing and telling how Monarch Malleable Ranges are made, and why they are better and save your money.



144 Pages,
Board Cover,
Cloth Bound,
Size 5 1/4 x 7 ins.

Handsomely
Printed on High-
Grade Paper. 588
Recipes—all Simple
and Practical.

The Monarch is made of
Wellsville polished steel
and Malleable Iron.

Malleable Iron is tough—
strong—hammerable and im-
mensely durable.

All the frames in the Monarch are
made of Malleable Iron.

And the steel of the body is riveted
to all these Malleable Iron frames
tightly and solidly to stay so.

Consequently no seams open—no
outside cold air leaks in, and there is
no fuel waste in the Monarch.

How To Get This Book

If you intend to purchase a Range
within a year, write us, stating as
nearly as possible when (naming the
month if you can) you intend to buy,
and the book will be furnished to you
without any cost whatever.

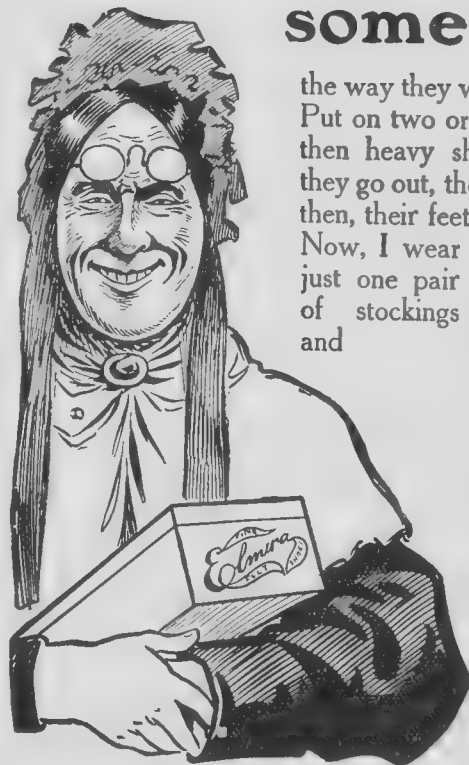
Do not expect the book unless you
comply with these conditions.

The Malleable Iron Range Company
319 Lake Street, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Merrick, Anderson & Co., Winnipeg.

Selling Agents for Manitoba and the Northwest

I do have to laugh at some Women



the way they wrap up their feet in winter.
Put on two or three pairs of stockings—
then heavy shoes and arctics. When
they go out, they can hardly walk. Even
then, their feet get cold.

Now, I wear
just one pair
of stockings
and



And my feet are never
cold—tho I am out for
three or four hours at a
time, with the thermo-
meter down to 40 below
zero. Around the house,
I always slip on a pair
of Elmira Felt Slippers
—they are so neat and
comfortable.

ELMIRA FELT SHOES and SLIPPERS are sold by all dealers.
See that trade-mark as shown above appears on each sole.

29



IT IS A PLEASURE
TO PUMP
WITH Cater's Pumps

They work easy and throw a
GOOD STREAM

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

Brandon Pump and Windmill Works,
Reference Bank B.N.A. Box 410, BRANDON, MAN.

Yes, Sir! Clarke's gloves are by far the best on the market to-day.

Couldn't very well be otherwise.

Best quality skins, tanned in our own tannery and made up in our own factory. Not a step in the making that's not watched over by our eagle-eyed inspectors. Perfectly finished to the smallest stitch.

Take our "Horsehide" Gloves, for example.

Real horsehide, remember—not cowhide.

Feel the soft, pliable skins. Note how neat and comfortable on the hands.

Beats all how long they'll wear—think they were iron.

Guarantee them to be heat and wet proof. Stand scalding and scorching without getting hard.

Look for Clarke's stamp on the gloves you buy, and make sure of best value for your money.



CLARKE'S GLOVES

A. R. Clarke & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

SHOOTING OUTFIT No. 3w.

PRICE
\$7.50



EXPRESS
PAID

This outfit includes an American made 12 Gauge Single barrel breach loading gun, choke bored nitro steel barrel, guaranteed for smokeless powders. This gun together with a box of 25 Normal smokeless shells loaded with any size of shot desired delivered free to any station in Canada for **\$7.50**. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHOOTING OUTFIT No. 5w.



PRICE
\$14.50

DELIVERED FREE

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

UPTON SINCLAIR. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," has a great joke which he is enjoying at the expense of his literary critics. "The Jungle" has met with a great reception, and its forceful qualities recognized by hundreds of thousands from the President of the Republic down to the lowest ranks of labor. But it was not so with his first book. That volume passed through a strange experience. It was published by an obscure publishing house and in an unattractive style of binding. The literary critics turned it down. Ignored it. Paid little or no attention to it. The book was afterwards published by a leading book concern and in splendid form. The result was that the same literary critics pronounced it a creditable work and well worthy of universal attention. So much for the critics. As Macaulay, the historian, has said, the fate of a book depends on what there is in it. Destiny depends on quality. A splendid introduction is a good thing, but after all the final result depends upon the quality of that which is introduced. Napoleon, passing through Italy on an aggressive campaign, remarked: "Great Heavens! How rare men are!" Good men are rare, and for this reason it does not take the world very long to discover merit or recognize ability.

PHYSICAL LIGHT WEIGHTS. A superb physical equipment is worth a fortune to any man who knows how to make proper use of it. To be the possessor of a body which responds to every suggestion of the mind, to be able to press on when others are worn out in the race, to be able to stand and withstand, and having done all to stand, in spite of business competition and ever-multiplying details—this is the possibility offered by a splendid physical equipment; but—remember one thing—the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. What inspires me is the marvelous achievements of men of poor health, shattered nerves and inferior digestion. Muscle is worth its weight in gold, and nerves of iron are never to be ignored, but after all brain is more than brawn, and grit is more than gristle. Alexander H. Stephens weighed eighty-five pounds when at the height of his Congressional career. They rolled him about in a wheel-carriage—wheeled him into the halls of Congress and wheeled him out again. He was all brains and scarcely any body at all. But what grit he displayed. He was the incarnation of courage. He would not surrender to his physical weakness. He mastered it. One who heard him speak in Congress in the year 1848 remarked that it seemed to him that Stephens would not live to finish the speech which he was then delivering. But he not only lived to finish the speech; he lived for thirty-five years afterward, and added speech to speech and oration to oration. My friend of small physical powers, don't give up. You may succeed in spite of your weakness, and, better still, you may develop strength out of your weakness. Roosevelt at twenty was slender and sickly; at forty-five he sits in the presidential chair in perfect command of himself. By manly sports he has turned his body into a willing servant, strong and obedient.

POOR FOOLS AND RICH FOOLS. Wm. Paley, the famous English divine, was inclined to be dissipated in his college days. Carelessness, noise, hilarity and extravagance marked the first and second years of his college work. One morning a wealthy young man, one of his own idle set, came into the room where Paley was sleeping—or rather over-sleeping—and said to him: "Paley, you are a fool. You are wasting your time and your chances. Your way of going on is silly and senseless. Why don't you arouse yourself and do something worthy?" That was the turning point in Paley's career. Before he had left his bed he had made up his mind to lead a different life. He practically said to himself: "The young men who belong to my set are rich and well-to-do. In a few years each one will inherit a fortune. When that day comes they will have small need for me unless I can stand alone in character and ability." Let rich fools spend their money and squander their time, but let the young man whose only capital is strength and ability be careful how he trifles with his early chances and opportunities.

THE POWER OF PURPOSE. There comes a good story from the Alaskan mines concerning a young Swede whose opportunities had been so limited in early life that he was nothing

more than a stable boy before he went into the mines. He was fortunate enough to secure a good claim, and as the result of earnest work and persistent effort he was rewarded with a good product of gold. One day his partner, who was also a Swede, asked him what he proposed to do with his money. His answer was exceedingly suggestive. He replied, "I propose to do more for the world than the world has ever done for me." That was a splendid resolution; and recently he has carried out his purpose and crystallized his thought in action. This foreign born ex-hostler has just given \$50,000 to endow a college in the far West. His motto is worth repeating: "I propose to do more for the world than the world has ever done for me."

A CLEAN RECORD. A clear conscience and a clean record make a happy combination. To know you are just and right, and to have the world recognize your justice and righteousness, is a garland of glory worth coveting. Only a few days before his death Charles H. Spurgeon, referring to a letter which he had received, and which contained something which might be spoken of as a threat, replied, "You may write my life across the sky. I have nothing to conceal." Noble language, and the true expression of a consistent soul.

FOUNDATION WORK. In the achievement of success it is always hard to make a beginning. Notice how slow are the movements of an express train when it first begins to leave the depot. The wheels respond reluctantly to the power congested in the cylinders of the engine. To get the train of success properly started is the problem of commercial life. Commodore Vanderbilt said that in building up a great fortune his first and greatest difficulty was to get the first ten thousand dollars—after that everything else was comparatively easy. The first ten thousand—that's the problem. Perhaps the first thousand would start the train in your case. The first work is the important thing. It is foundation work. It required years and years to lay the foundation of Minots Ledge Lighthouse, but after that the lighthouse went up in a few months. In this sense "It is a success to succeed." Unto him that hath shall be given. Once make room for yourself in the world, and then the world will make room for you. A dollar in the hands of a successful man is worth twice as much as a dollar in the hands of a bankrupt. Succeed!

FALSE IDEALS. False ideals have been the ruin of many a splendid fellow. To imagine that character and cash have no relationship one to the other, and that the less character a man possesses the larger his bank account will be in the end—this sort of philosophy has ruined many a promising youth. Time is money. Knowledge is power. Character is cash. Many a man's credit is good because his character is good. Ask your banker. He grants a loan to a customer who is poor but honest in preference to the man who is rich but crooked. A character guarantee is sometimes better than a cash guarantee. A clever young student joined the American Bar some years ago. On the day he was admitted to the bar a brilliant young lawyer, several years his senior, took him by the right hand and said: "Now then, let me give you a piece of advice. Have your name taken off the church roll and burn your Bible, and you will make your mark in the legal profession. The young man listened respectfully to the advice of his friend, but inwardly decided to follow the high ideals and Christian principles of his early training. Success came to him early and remained with him throughout his career. About twenty years after the above incident occurred, this same brilliant young man who had proffered such dangerous advice to his fellow student walked into the office of his now successful comrade. What a sight he presented! His hair matted. His face bloated. His eyes bloodshot—a complete physical wreck. Extending his hand to his old comrade, he exclaimed: "For God's sake give me a half-a-dollar and let me get out of this town to get off this spree." He had followed his own advice, and presented a telling illustration of a life ruined by false ideals.

HOW TO WIN AN ENEMY. The young preacher's success depends very largely on his ability to make friends and to keep them. Henry Ward Beecher, in addressing the theological students of Yale College, said: "I had a man in my parish

in Indiana who was a very ugly fellow. He had a wife and daughter who were awakened during the revival which was then working; and, while visiting others who needed instruction, I went to see and talk with them. He heard that I had been in the house, and shortly afterwards I passed down the street in which he lived. He was sitting on the fence; and of all the filth that was emptied on a young preacher's head, I certainly received my share. He threw it out, right and left, up and down, and said everything that was calculated to harrow my pride. I was very wholesomely indignant for a young man. I said to myself—'Look here, I will be avenged on you yet.' He told me I should never darken his door again, to which I responded that I never would until I had his invitation to do so. Things went on for some time. I met him on the street, bowed to him, spoke well of him, and never repeated his treatment of me to anyone. We constantly crossed each other's paths, and often visited the same people. I always spoke kindly of him. Very soon he ran for the office of sheriff, and then I went out into the field and worked for him. I canvassed for votes. I used my personal influence. It was a pretty close election, but he was elected. When he knew I was working for him, I never saw a man so utterly perplexed as he was. He did not know what to make of it. He came to me one day, awkward and stumbling, and undertook to 'make up,' as the saying is. He said he would be delighted to have me come and see him." That is a long quotation to make from a single lecture, but what a fine illustration of personal tact it furnishes. Conquer your enemies by loving them.

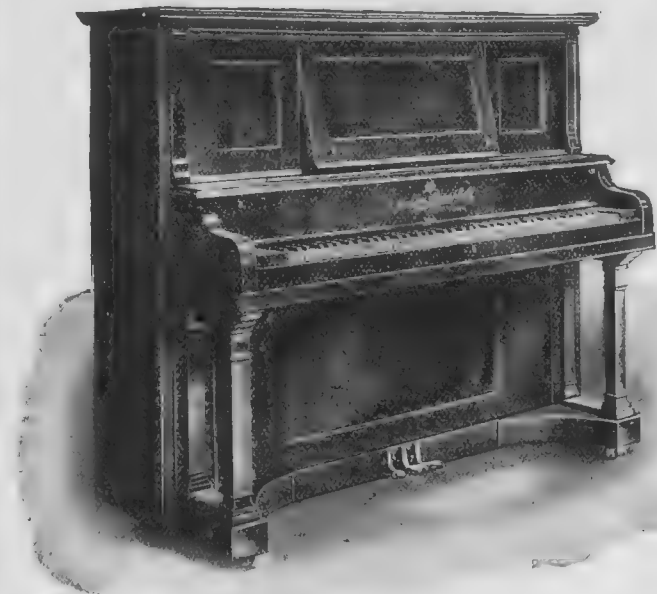
A LIQUOR MAN'S ADVICE. W. E. Broderick, of Baltimore, retiring President of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, when asked by a young man the question, "Mr. Broderick, I want your opinion as an expert: What is the best kind of whiskey to drink?" Broderick looked at him earnestly and then said: "My boy, the answer to that question is dead easy. The best whiskey to drink is none at all." There you are. You have his answer. He is in the business. He ought to know.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR. Paul O. Stensland, the bank-wrecker of Chicago, is a captive on the way back to the city of his commercial success and awful failure. Remorse seems to have taken possession of him. A telegram from Tangier, Africa, says: "Stensland was a broken-down man to-day. Remorse has been his constant companion. All last night he wept continuously, and at times his paroxysms of tears so alarmed the guards that they were on the point of calling a doctor. The captain of the guards, a distinguished looking white-bearded Arab, shortly after daybreak to-day, found him sitting in a chair, rocking, weeping, and moaning. He had placed a handkerchief over his eyes and abandoned himself utterly to an outburst of grief." As we read the telegram two old-fashioned texts seem to loom up before us: "Be sure your sin will find you out," and "The way of the transgressor is hard."

STEADFAST vs. STUCKFAST. It has been well said that there is a vast difference between being steadfast and stuckfast. Inability to move is not steadfastness. The fact that you occupy the same spot which you did ten or twenty years ago is no evidence of stability. Lack of energy is not stability. Lack of enterprise is not steadfastness. Paul, you remember, said on one occasion, referring to certain trials and afflictions, "None of these things move me," and yet no man ever moved so much or so rapidly as the Apostle Paul. In doctrine and principle he was steadfast; in plan, method, and work he was ever pushing and persistent.

THE MOTIVE MAKES THE MAN. When Coleridge was a schoolboy, he was going to school one day, and while hurrying rapidly along the street thinking of the story of Hero and Leander, and imagining himself to be swimming the Hellespont, he threw wide his arms as though breasting the waves. As fate would have it, his hand struck the pocket of a passer-by and knocked the purse out of the stranger's pocket. To all appearances young Coleridge was a pick-pocket. He could have been sent to jail for tampering with his neighbor's valuables. The outer deed was that of a thief. The inner motive was that of a youth whose imagination had been set on fire by a love for poetry. The stranger, surprised and startled, listened to the explanation proffered by young Coleridge, and, believing it, became his friend for life, sending young Coleridge to college at his own expense and proving his trusted friend through life. Thus the philosopher tells us, "The motive made what was outwardly wrong to be inwardly right."

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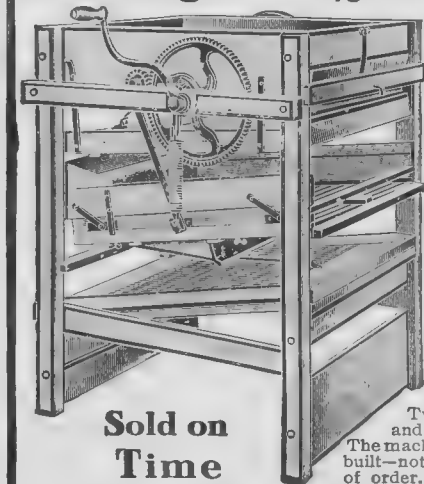
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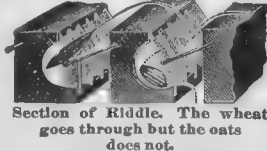
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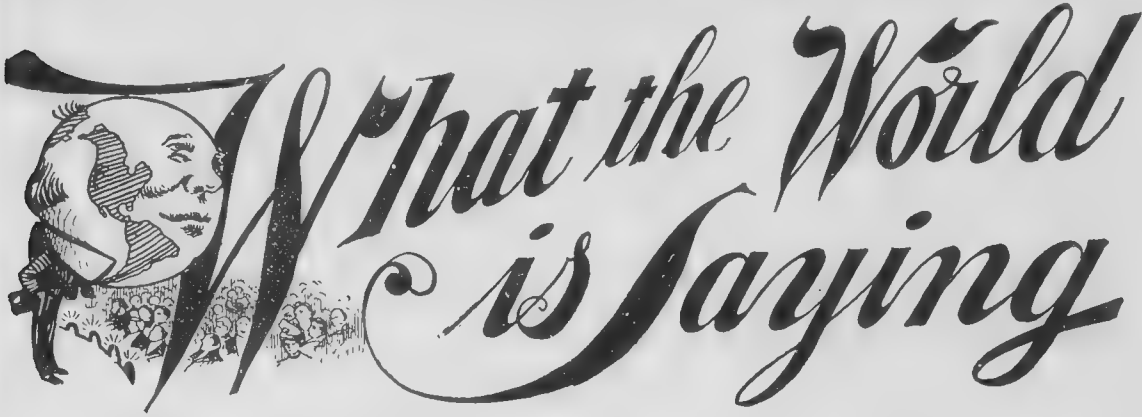
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What the World is Saying

The American Winston Churchill.

A correspondent of the British Weekly from New Hampshire writes to that paper:—

Years ago I had read "The Crisis," and more recently "Coniston," and this week, when I saw that the author of these interesting books was to address a meeting in a neighboring town, I determined to go and hear him. New Hampshire is known in America as "the Granite State," and its people, like those of Aberdeen, are hard-headed, practical and shrewd. They have to be, for the State is agriculturally poor, though no part of the country has contributed to the commonwealth a higher percentage of famous men. There was a large crowd to listen to the young politician, who has come out to do battle against a great railroad corporation. He is a tall, handsome man with very dark eyebrows and a strong, intellectual face. He writes better than he speaks. He hasn't the fluency and vigor of his famous English cognomen, but his argument was convincing and made a profound impression. As one listened to the strange story of corruption in the legislative halls of the State, one marvelled that these people have stood it so long. But the Churchill campaign is only one other sign of the determination of the American people to put their house in order. It is part of an ethical revival that is sweeping the country. At the close of the address, as I watched the grave, earnest face of this young man, I felt that the prophecy of the writer in the Sketch was not altogether misplaced, and that I had been listening to a future President of the United States.

The Promise of Pres. C. M. Hays.

The public of the West have been considerably disappointed by the fact that no signs of a vigorous construction campaign have been in evidence on the part of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Hays has allayed all fears in the following statement made in Edmonton:—

Yes, sir, the Grand Trunk Pacific will fulfil its promises. The Grand Trunk Pacific always fulfils its promises. We will move our share of the crop of 1907 over the rails of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and by that time the road will be completed right into the city of Edmonton. I do not want to say that the road will be completed into this city on the 1st of August, 1907. I do not say that it will not, mind you, but I do not care to state specifically that it will or to set any certain date. Mr. Morse and I have been very careful not to name any certain day on which the road will be completed into your city. I do not think that it is fair to a railroad man to expect him to say that at 10.30 o'clock on August 1st, for instance, the first train will arrive in the city. But I do say that we will be here in time to move the crop of 1907. That was the purpose of our present trip, and I believe that we can report that everything is satisfactory." These were the words of Charles M. Hays this morning, and they should effectually dispel any doubt as to whether the big transcontinental will reach the city at the time predicted a year ago.

The Benefits of a Local Paper.

Under the above headline, the Rosthern Enterprise has a capital article showing the unmistakable value of the town sheet to the local community. It says:—

The city newspapers are all right if you want them, but it is the local papers that advertise your business, your schools, your numerous social ties, sympathise with you in your afflictions and rejoices in your prosperity; in short, it is your local paper that mentions the thousand and one items in which you are interested during the year, and which the city papers do not. It is the home paper that records your birth, publishes your marriage and chronicles your death. To the great journals—the forty page compendium of the daily happenings of the world—you are not even a cypher. To get the least notice from them you must steal \$100,000, commit an atrocious murder, or have half a dozen living wives. But your local papers watch over you with loving solicitude all the time. If you are sick, it is sorry and hopes you will soon be well. It tells when you come and go; when your house

is burnt down, or you build a new one; when your Johnny has the mumps, or your Mary has the measles, and how much your little Pete weighs on arrival. And when you require the whole street and both sidewalks to get home from lodge, it shuts both eyes and "mum's" the word. Yes, take the big papers if you are interested in what is going on in Africa, but if you want to keep up with your own biography take your home paper.

The Wide Diffusion of Islam.

The Missionary Review of the World gives some startling facts about a religion which, in the popular mind, is supposed to be unprogressive:—

Of the estimated 200 millions of Mohammedans, 5 are in Europe, 60 in Africa, and 135 in Asia; 18 millions are under Turkish rule, 26 under other Moslem rulers, 32 under heathen rulers, and 124 under Christian rule or protection. Over 60 millions speak Indian languages—Urdu, Bengali, Pushtu, Gujarati, etc.; 45 Arabic, 28 Hausa and African languages, 20 Chinese, 15 Malayan, 13 Slavonic, 9 Persian, and 8 Turkish. Nearly every important city in the Moslem world of over 100,000 population is a centre of missionary effort by printing press, hospital, school or college.

Western Races Dying.

Various causes have been given for the declining birth rate of European countries. But whatever the cause, the fact remains. Figures do not lie, and the Chicago Tribune has given a few which come with the severity of a jolt:—

The real yellow peril is European race suicide. The birth rate in the German empire continues on its downward course, being only 33.9 per thousand in 1903, from 35.7 per thousand in 1901. In Great Britain, the birth rate has fallen from 30.7 in 1893 to 27.6 in 1904. French statistics show that at present the birth rate is only 22 per thousand. It is interesting speculation to try to foretell what another century may bring forth in the world's politics if the birth rate of western nations continues to decline and that of the orient keeps up as high as it has in the past.

Dislike to Women Teachers.

American and Canadian women enjoying full liberty can see from the heated debate which took place at the annual convention of the German Teachers' Association, held in Munich, how great is the prejudice in Germany as to the enlargement of woman's employment. The discussion was aroused by the following thesis, presented to the convention by Teacher Laube of Chemnitz:—

"The employment of women in the public schools shall not be considered from the standpoint of an extension of the sphere of woman's activity, but solely the interest of the schools. The education of the rising youth shall be the mutual work of the two sexes. But as in the family woman's influence is predominant, and as the public school supplements family life, the education of boys and girls must be under male influence. The demand that only female teachers shall be employed in girls' schools must be denied for the following reasons: A woman teacher cannot claim to possess deep understanding of a girl's nature. In fact, according to her physical and psychic perception, according to her previous education or social condition, a female teacher is not fully prepared to do the work of the Volksschule. She cannot replace a male teacher, but only supplement him. In the feminizing of the teachers' corps we see a danger for the development of the institutions and for their independence. Through woman's celibacy she is taken away from the home and, as a rule, old teachers are usually embittered spinsters. A school needs a whole man and requires his whole services."

How to Get Rid of the Mosquito.

An address was delivered recently to the residents of Hanlon's Island, Toronto. The subject was "How to Get Rid of the Mosquito." The lecturer was Mr. H. C. Weeks, secretary of the

American Society for the Extermination of the Mosquito. This insect is a plague in the West, so that the remarks of Mr. Weeks will have not only a local, but a national bearing. Mr. Weeks stated that the extermination of the mosquito was coming to be considered as important to cities as any public improvement. After citing many dangers of the pest, the speaker dwelt on means of getting rid of the pest. The only effective method of extermination was that of draining low, swampy places where the insect breeds. Several of the States across the border have passed legislation along this line. He suggested clearing lagoons and ponds, already congested badly with weeds and grasses. Lawns were to be kept well mowed. Water barrels and all pools or wet places in back yards should be covered up.

The Census of 1911.

An excellent article has appeared in the Calgary Albertan on our "Growing West." The Toronto News, speaking of it, says:—

The Calgary Albertan believes that the census of 1911 will show more than one-third of the people of Canada to be west of the Great Lakes, and that by 1916 the West will have an absolute majority of the population. This means that the Parliament of 1921 will draw its majority from the four provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. There is now more than a million of people in the Western Provinces. While the census figures are not complete, it is estimated that the Province of Alberta will show a population of 180,000, and the Province of Saskatchewan of 330,000. The Province of Manitoba, which had a population of 255,211 in 1901, has shown an increase of 53,000 in Winnipeg, and will probably show a population of 400,000 for the entire province. No census has been taken of British Columbia, but it is estimated that the expansion of Vancouver and some of the cities in Southern British Columbia, the population is not far short of 250,000. These figures give a total population to the Western Provinces of 1,100,000, and the calculation probably will prove to be fairly accurate.

Hon. R. L. Borden and Public Ownership.

Mr. Borden regards the public domain as including the natural resources and facilities, the great national franchises and public utilities. Of the general subject he says:—

"Government ownership or operation is repeatedly challenged because of incompetent or corrupt administration. There is no other argument against it; but shall all private enterprise be condemned because of insurance frauds or business failure, or corporate graft? We shall not renounce the administration of our public lands because of Saskatchewan valley land deals or grazing lease scandals, nor hand over the Intercolonial to a private corporation because its management has been so utterly discredited. The principle of state ownership is no more to be condemned for defects or errors of administration than is the general principle of responsible government. The remedy is to mend the methods. To-day the grossest maladministration is rife in some public departments of Canada. Outrageous election scandals are continuously disclosed. Shall we, therefore, abandon altogether the system of parliamentary government, or repeal the British North America Act?"

The World's Biggest Churches.

The capacity of the great churches of the world, allowing four persons to every square yard of available space within them, is given as follows, by the "Roman Advertiser," which does not appear to have made a complete list:—

Milan Cathedral	37,000
St. Peter's, Rome	32,000
St. Paul's, London	25,600
St. Petronio's, Bologna	24,400
Florence Cathedral	24,300
Antwerp Cathedral	24,000
St. Sophia's, Constantinople	23,000
St. John's Lateran	22,900
Notre Dame, Paris	21,000
Pisa Cathedral	13,000
St. Stephen's, Vienna	12,400
St. Dominic's, Bologna	12,000
St. Peter's, Bologna	11,400
Cathedral of Siena	11,000
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000

The piazza of St. Peter's, in its widest limits, allowing twelve persons to the square yard, holds 624,000; allowing four to the same, drawn up in military array, 208,000. In its narrowest limits, not comprising the porticos of the Piazzetti Rusticucci, 474,000 crowded, and 158,000 in military array.

One of the great churches not included in the foregoing list is the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, which, next to the famous cathedral in the City of Mexico, also omitted from this list, is the largest church building in America, and has a seating capacity of twelve thousand. The church was built in 1829, and is noted for its magnificent chimes, one of the bells of which, "Le Gros Bourdon," is one of the largest suspended bells and weighs 24,780 pounds.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

No less an authority than Miss Worden has told us that beauty of face and figure comes by way of the prosaic and despised scrubbing brush. "Do housework and you'll be handsome," is the slogan of this young lady. The male animal will feel a thrill of delight as he reads this advice, for many of the wrinkles on his corrugated brow have been developed in trying to pay and keep a servant girl. In reality, he has paid the girl to grow handsome, while his own wife has degenerated into fat and ugliness. Miss Worden sounds the trumpet of his deliverance. "Do your own housework," she says. "If you want out-of-door air, get out and wash the windows." Phew! O, ye society dames, languorous ones, who loll on downy divans, "Get out and wash the windows." The command is couched in a brevity that is not ambiguous even to the illiterate new-rich matron. "Get out," etc. But more of the same follows with a charming and unsophisticated naïveté. The writer says: "Washing at the tub is well known to be one of the best things there is for health and complexion." How brutally direct! Throw away your rouge pots and go to the wash tub! This will solve the servant girl problem. Bon-bon dishes and souvenir spoons will be superseded by wash tubs, and the wringing machine will be raised to the same standard of respectability as the piano.

BEAUTY AND THE SCRUBBING BRUSH. The male animal will feel a thrill of delight as he reads this advice, for many of the wrinkles on his corrugated brow have been developed in trying to pay and keep a servant girl. In reality, he has paid the girl to grow handsome, while his own wife has degenerated into fat and ugliness. Miss Worden sounds the trumpet of his deliverance. "Do your own housework," she says. "If you want out-of-door air, get out and wash the windows." Phew! O, ye society dames, languorous ones, who loll on downy divans, "Get out and wash the windows." The command is couched in a brevity that is not ambiguous even to the illiterate new-rich matron. "Get out," etc. But more of the same follows with a charming and unsophisticated naïveté. The writer says: "Washing at the tub is well known to be one of the best things there is for health and complexion." How brutally direct! Throw away your rouge pots and go to the wash tub! This will solve the servant girl problem. Bon-bon dishes and souvenir spoons will be superseded by wash tubs, and the wringing machine will be raised to the same standard of respectability as the piano.

Dr. Henry Campbell, of London, has discovered a ready-to-hand cure for alcoholism. The magic word is health. "Keep your digestion sound and you won't want alcohol," is the simple advice of Dr. Campbell. It is a kind of paternal pat, given with a "bless-you - my - children" air. Many minds have investigated the subject, thousands of books have been written on it; but Dr. Campbell was not known then with his "Keep your digestion sound" formula. The Doctor says man needs stimulants, must have them, in fact. "From earliest times man has been accustomed to stimulants of one kind or another." Meat and vegetables will do the deed. "I have seen children semi-intoxicated after a meal of meat and vegetables." We were always uncertain what to call that warm, pervasive glow incidental to a good "square." We are in doubt no longer. In the classic language of the West, we were "jagged." The cauliflower of the fifteen cent Italian restaurants did it, or was it the products of the Chicago packing houses? However, to all and sundry, Dr. Campbell says keep your digestive apparatus well-oiled, well repaired, in a word healthy, "and you won't want alcohol." Ah!

We do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why we cannot tell.

It has become the practice of rich men like Carnegie and Rockefeller to grow prophetic in their old age. James J. Hill has also joined the prophets. Mr. Hill may be described as a prophet with honor in his own country. His latest horoscopic utterance is that the worship of manufacture and trade must give place to the

"NOT A WAIL BUT A WARNING." manufacture and trade must give place to the

tillage of the soil. To quote:—

"Only one-half of the land in private ownership is now tilled. That tillage does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield, without losing an atom of its fertility. Yet the waste of our treasure has proceeded so far that the actual value of the soil for productive purposes has already deteriorated more than it should have done in five centuries of use. There is, except in isolated and individual cases, little approaching intensive agriculture in the United States. There are only the annual skimming of the rich cream, the exhaustion of virgin fertility, the extraction from the earth by the most rapid process of its productive powers, the deterioration of life's sole maintenance. And all this with that army of another hundred million people marching in plain sight toward us and expecting and demanding that they shall be fed." The first requisite, Mr. Hill says, is a clear recogni-

tion that the tillage of the soil is the natural and most desirable occupation for man, to which every other is subsidiary, and to which all else must yield.

Mr. R. L. Patterson, manager of Miller and Richards, type foundry, has had the boldness to say that the Chinese are a necessity to the building up of Western Canada. He claims that he does not stand alone, and that the shutting out of Chinamen is owing

SHALL WE LOWER THE TAX ON CHINAMEN? to the cowardice of public men, who fear to meet their constituents at the next election.

Whether Mr. Patterson is right or not, it has become patent that the present methods of obtaining labor are most unsatisfactory and cannot long continue. This rushing men from and back to the East pays neither the farmer nor the laborer. The objection to the Chinaman is that he sends his money and his bones out of the country, and that generally he is an undesirable citizen. But humorists and humanitarians have met these charges with arguments that cannot be gainsaid. That Chinamen are industrious, hard working and conscientious, must be said. Mr. Patterson quotes Hon. Thos. Greenway as saying: "Eight or ten years ago, the production of a bushel of wheat cost the farmer 35c. To-day the cost of the same bushel has advanced to 50c., owing to the increased cost of farm laborers."

President Roosevelt has issued an edict to the effect that in future all messages from the President and all other documents emanating from the White House shall be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the Spelling Reform Committee. This committee has published a list of 300 words in which spelling is reformed. A sample

THE KING'S ENGLISH AND THE PRESIDENT'S AMERICAN. new method is here given: "Fagot, fantasm, fantasy, fantom, favor, favorite, fervor, fiber, fixt, flavor, fulfill, fulness. Gaze, Gazel, gelatin, gild (not guild), gypsy, gloze, glycerin, good-by, gram, griptit. Harbor, harken, heapt, hematin, hiccup, hock (not hough), homeopathy, homonym, honor, humor, husht, hypotheruse." The arbitrary act of the President has been severely censured by many distinguished men. One of the sanest criticisms is that of President Faunce, of Brown University, who says: "I do not believe it is possible or desirable by any act of government to change the orthography of the English language. The result of centuries of growth can not be annihilated by act of congress or by any organization, large or small. Nothing would be gained by teaching the children a wholly new system of spelling which would make the Bible and all our English classics appear as if in a foreign tongue."

The reading public has long been familiar with the term "Comstockian" as related to the suppression of indecent literature. But lately Mr. Comstock has invaded the sacred domain of art in seizing and suppressing an edition of the American Student of Art. A storm of abuse has been roaring around his large and hairless head ever since. Mr. Comstock does not care for storms, though, and hurls back at his detractors some thunderbolts in the way of facts which one would think should silence them. "Ephesus," he says, "was a centre of art during the most refined period of Grecian art, and yet was a city of base immorality." He cites the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. "Painters and sculptors of those cities have recorded the standard of immorality which brought down fire and brimstone from heaven to blot out the cities." Mr. Comstock is a literalist, and quotes Scripture like Dr. Dowie. Believing that art is the avowed enemy of morality, he says: "Wherever artists have been allowed to place their degraded conceptions of woman's form upon canvas, and intrude them before the masses, the morals of the people have gone down—cursing the community." There is a via media. Mr. Comstock and his detractors have rushed to hysterical extremes. There is middle ground, and they will yet find it.

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How does the modern actress manage to keep herself looking so young. That is a question that often occupies the mind of the theatre-goer as he sits in shaded light looking at the bit of youthful beauty and agility on the stage. Actresses work hard, and at night too. They are much in railroad trains, and must put up at poor hotels. Yet they look young and fresh notwithstanding these drawbacks. What is the secret of their youth? One of the answers is that the woman of the stage regards worry as excess baggage that she will not carry. Eliminating worry and regarding beauty as an end rather than a means has given the stage a flower garden of feminine loveliness. More, the beauty of the actress is phenomenally long in duration. How to kill worry is the problem of the actress. Lillian Russell and many other women of the stage have turned to Christian Science, others to mental culture, all striving to place mind over matter, and so eliminate some of the thorns that would otherwise get into the flesh.

THE SECRET OF THE ACTRESSES' YOUTH.

England is crying out against the depopulation of her rural districts. The drain on them has been so great that statesmen are becoming seriously concerned. Within the last half-century the land under cultivation in this country has gone down by fully 4,000,000 acres—from 16,617,420 acres in the quinquennial period of '71-'75, to 12,495,170 in 1905. During the same period the number of agricultural laborers has decreased by practically 50 per cent.—that is, from a total of 1,376,051 in the census year of 1851 to 727,130 in the census year of 1901. Many causes have acted in combination to produce rural depopulation. The great development of manufacturing, mining, and ship-building, and other industrial concerns has had an enormous influence in the way of drawing the most able and enterprising of country-bred youths to the cities. Within the last few years enormous numbers of the most capable and enterprising young men among the rural classes in the country have gone to Canada, attracted by "free farms" of 160 acres each. The extent of this emigration alone may be judged from the fact that during the year ending in June last, no fewer than 77,144 persons went from England to Canada, 19,509 from Scotland, and 3,867 from Ireland.

ENGLAND'S RURAL DEPOPULATION. 4,000,000 acres—from 16,617,420 acres in the quinquennial period of '71-'75, to 12,495,170 in 1905. During the same period the number of agricultural laborers has decreased by practically 50 per cent.—that is, from a total of 1,376,051 in the census year of 1851 to 727,130 in the census year of 1901. Many causes have acted in combination to produce rural depopulation. The great development of manufacturing, mining, and ship-building, and other industrial concerns has had an enormous influence in the way of drawing the most able and enterprising of country-bred youths to the cities. Within the last few years enormous numbers of the most capable and enterprising young men among the rural classes in the country have gone to Canada, attracted by "free farms" of 160 acres each. The extent of this emigration alone may be judged from the fact that during the year ending in June last, no fewer than 77,144 persons went from England to Canada, 19,509 from Scotland, and 3,867 from Ireland.

There were some good things about the San Francisco earthquake after all. The best buildings were demolished, fire reigned supreme, robbery was rampant, but the people's health has been much better since the trouble. What is the reason given? Not the seismic disturbance itself. There is nothing healthy in an earthquake. But it has been said that under the disturbed condition, the people found it necessary to adopt a more simple and wholesome method of living. A medical journal says:—"These people were fortunately deprived of their street cars, alcohol and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men found it possible to live without cigars or whisky, and the women without candy. They cooked their simple meals in the streets to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they went to bed early with the compensation that they rose with the lark. They had the enforced benefits of sanitariums, and good health was the result."

THE VALUE TO HEALTH OF AN EARTHQUAKE. There is nothing healthy in an earthquake. But it has been said that under the disturbed condition, the people found it necessary to adopt a more simple and wholesome method of living. A medical journal says:—"These people were fortunately deprived of their street cars, alcohol and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men found it possible to live without cigars or whisky, and the women without candy. They cooked their simple meals in the streets to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they went to bed early with the compensation that they rose with the lark. They had the enforced benefits of sanitariums, and good health was the result."

In the quest of culture there arises many a problem as to what to do and what not to do; and not always is the solution of the problem to be found. What to read and what not to read often presents a difficulty. The question as to what hurtful influence has resulted from the remarkable growth of the modern newspaper has been discussed in Collier's Weekly and by other learned people. The conservative, dignified and scholastic views it with indifference or horror. The poets and dreamers know the Press for its encroachments upon their artistic sensibility. Tolstoy has decided to eschew the modern newspaper and devote himself to the study of Marcus Aurelius, Plato, Cicero, Voltaire, Emerson, Ruskin, and others of like excellence. Tolstoy's attitude is scarcely one with which issue may not be taken. In theory, the newspaper is excellent; if in practice it falls below the ideal requirements—why it is just like any other institution of which humans dream perfect dreams, and then find it too severe a task to make of those dreams realities.

TOLSTOY AND THE NEWSPAPER. The question as to what hurtful influence has resulted from the remarkable growth of the modern newspaper has been discussed in Collier's Weekly and by other learned people. The conservative, dignified and scholastic views it with indifference or horror. The poets and dreamers know the Press for its encroachments upon their artistic sensibility. Tolstoy has decided to eschew the modern newspaper and devote himself to the study of Marcus Aurelius, Plato, Cicero, Voltaire, Emerson, Ruskin, and others of like excellence. Tolstoy's attitude is scarcely one with which issue may not be taken. In theory, the newspaper is excellent; if in practice it falls below the ideal requirements—why it is just like any other institution of which humans dream perfect dreams, and then find it too severe a task to make of those dreams realities.

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Morbus, Cholera Infantum,
Seasickness,
Summer Complaint,**

**and all Looseness of the Bowels in
Children or Adults.**

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What to Wear and when to wear it

Millinery in General. Millinery openings, both wholesale and retail, have been the order of

the month. The wholesale houses have done a rushing trade, but the retailers have been somewhat slimly patronized on account of the extremely fine weather that prevailed throughout the month. Women with plenty of money may avail themselves of first choice, but the rank and file are glad enough to make their summer hat do a month longer where possible. Western summers are so short at best that it seems a pity to curtail by one hour the wearing of summer garments, and certainly no women in Winnipeg has been guilty of that folly during the past month. White linens, white muslins, white serges, have been the order of the day, and the one suggestion of fall has been the long, loose coats of grey, fawn or cream color that have been slipped on over light gowns on cool evenings. This hot September is a surprise and a novelty to the more newly arrived, but Westerners who date back to the early eighties know that it is not the first time that white frocks have been popular in September, and indeed I remember very well wearing white wash gowns in the October of 1886.

Of course, merchants object to this weather, because it delays sales, but they are the only people who find fault with it.

The millinery is extremely pretty this season, and has one recommendation that was lacking in that of last year—it is very light on the head. Thank fortune the heavy hat is a thing of the past.

The hats are on the whole small, some of them very small, and many of them medium. It is a noticeable feature that the more fashionable and expensive the stock carried, the larger the percentage of very small hats.

Shapes. It would be difficult to think of anything in a shape that would be really outre, so varied are the designs shown. A careful examination reveals the fact, however, that there are a few general models upon which all the others are based.

Quite the newest new thing is the Derby crown, and these crowns are combined with a variety of brims. The newest brim is the helmet, and these are used on shapes with Derby crowns, and also on shapes with low flat crowns. Wherever the Derby crown is used, it is covered tight and plain with velvet or satin, or is of fine French felt or smooth, silky beaver.

This talk on Derby crowns may lead the girl at home to think that she may utilize the crown of her brother's Derby hat, but this would be a fatal error, for though the shape is precisely the same, the size is many degrees smaller. The shapes this season are tolerably easy for the home girl to trim, but the making of the shapes themselves is quite beyond the amateur, and should not be attempted.

In large hats, of which there are a fair number, the tendency is to high, straight crowns, perfectly flat on top, and wide brims, either of the Vesta Tilley order, wider behind than in front, or else slashed and rolled back in some fantastic fashion,—the odder the better. These hats are almost invariably covered absolutely plain, with velvet panned or fluffy, and are decorated with plumes and bunches of fruit or flowers.

The Peter Pan hats are rather on the lines of the Glengarry turban of last year, but smaller, and have bankings of ribbon or flowers at the extreme back falling over the hair. They are very smart and natty, and will be a most useful hat for driving in windy weather.

In ready-to-wear and outing hats, the French felts are much in evidence,

and they are as light as feathers and have a substance that seems to withstand any amount of scuffing. All colors are shown in them, but grey, brown, navy and royal blue lead. There is an immense number of grey felts, and they harmonize perfectly with the long grey coats already alluded to.

Colors. What are the leading colors? you ask. Brown, grey,

Burgundy and black once more in favor. The browns, as I mentioned in the September number, are the soft wood, rather than the golden browns of last year, and one shade which is known as mink brown, is the very color of the darkest strip along the back of a mink. It is a fad to have a hat of this shade of velvet with mink band to match and brown plumes. The color that blends the most perfectly with this shade of brown is known as French Cherry, and, if I may be forgiven the apparent contradiction, it is a lovely bright red with a blue bloom on it. One of the prettiest hats I saw at the openings was a Derby crown and helmet brim, the crown covered with wood-brown velvet, the outside brim with mink to match, and a single fold of the French cherry between the brim and crown. Three splendid brown plumes were caught on the crown and fell over the hair. The brim on the under side, where it was shoved up with the helmet effect, was filled in with pleatings of wood-brown tulle. This charming creation was from one of the best houses in Paris, and was marked \$52.75, but I fancy any clever girl, given the shape, could get much the same effect for less than half the money, feathers and all. If she were content with tips in the place of plumes, it could be done for \$15. Next to brown, the richest color is the Burgundy, which is really a wine shade, and runs from the pink of some of the light wines to the deep, dull, glowing red-purples of the dregs of wine. It is a wonderful color, and, strange to say, the dark shades combine charmingly with pale blue. A favorite decoration on a hat of the darkest shade of Burgundy is a feather shading from faint pink through all the gradations to dregs of wine, and this feather may be caught with a cluster of roses in shades of blue.

The grey is in all shades from the palest French grey to Oxford, but the lighter shades are the more popular in millinery and the darker shades in suitings.

Black hats have always been popular in the West, and there is a very general revival in their favor. There is one difference, however. Formerly if any hats were large, it was the black ones; now if any hats are especially small, it is the black ones, and they are nearly all decorated with heavy tasseled black plumes. Quite a number of the helmet shapes have the feathers put on very much after the fashion of the plumed helmets of the knights of old,—that is, caught in the front or to the side of the crown, drawn right over it and falling on the hair behind.

Decorations. The winter season of

1906 is pre-eminently a season of feathers and flowers. Not for ten years at least have ostrich feathers been so popular, and of course the rage for them is making them correspondingly high in price. The quality is good, however, and if there is one thing in millinery that a woman can justify a high price for, it is a good ostrich feather or good tips. If they are natural and not pieced, she will surely get the worth of her money in satisfaction and also in actual wear. But let every woman beware of the pieced feather, for it is most assuredly a snare and a delusion.

Next to feathers in popularity are flowers, and in the flowers roses lead. Never, in all my experience, have such perfectly natural roses been put on the market. Every detail is so perfect and each individual rose so varied that instinctively you raise them to your face to inhale the perfume,—by the way, some of them are perfumed.

The roses are, as a rule, large and full blown, though some exquisite buds are shown also. Pink shading through every possible tone to the deepest maroon and Burgundy are all shown. A fad of the moment is to catch the stem of a plume with three or more of these large roses. One unique Paris model carried out this idea. It was a small, silky black hat with turban brim and helmet crown, and the sole decoration was a plume shading from palest blue to deepest royal, and this was caught to the crown with three American beauty roses. It was a most bewitching hat.

Next in popularity to roses are wild flowers, and these are beautiful enough to rave over. The wild grasses are simply perfect, and there are dandelions and dandelion blows, bachelor buttons, buttercups and ox-eyed daisies. These are arranged in sprays, and are used on both felt and velvet hats. Quite frequently you see a soft hat on the lines of a Fedora, only much larger, trimmed with a single spray of buttercups and grasses, or a spray of grasses alone. These hats would hardly look rich enough for winter, but are the very perfection of style for fall, and look so smart with the coats of plain grey or brown checks and plaids.

After the feathers and flowers, ribbon is the most popular trimming, and when it is used a very great deal is bunched on in the most marvellous manner. One hat shown at a recent opening had two bolts, that would be 36 yards of four-inch ribbon piled on. I cannot say that this form of decoration appeals to me; it is too suggestive of the nouveau riche making vulgar display of their wealth. One thing is certain, and that is, only a very tall woman should attempt to wear a hat decorated in this way.

Neckwear. The ruchings are holding first place, and the latest is a three-ply affair, white on the outside and inside, and some delicate pastel shade between. These ruchings are very pretty and extremely becoming; in fact, they suit everyone. The separate collar will be worn considerably, and there are a number of pretty designs shown, but nothing strikingly new; in fact, it is difficult to think of anything new being invented along that line, there has been such a fearful run on it in the last three years.

With suits, a shirt-waist to match as nearly as possible the cloth of the suit, but of silk or light wool, is finished with collar and cuffs of either stiff linen or sheer linen with hem-stitch edges. String ties are still worn with the stiff collars, and when all is said and done it is the choicest style of neckwear that any woman can affect who has a decent neck, but the woman with a scraggy neck should avoid them as carefully as she would the pestilence. Nothing accentuates a wrinkled neck so much as a severely plain linen collar and a string tie.

A good way to keep silver bright that is in daily use is to place it in hot borax water occasionally and allow it to stand an hour or two; rinse with clear, hot water, and then wipe with a clean, dry towel.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Dickens on the Warship.

Yonder, a few hundred yards across the water, lies the "Warrior," a black, ugly customer, with as terrible a row of incised teeth as ever closed on a French frigate. The master-gunner informed me that the ship, when fit for sea, would have cost some four hundred thousand pounds. Her length was 380 feet, her breadth 58 feet and her tonnage 6,170. Her iron armor-plates weighed 950 tons. The engines were nearly 1,250 horse-power, and the bunkers held coal for nine days' steaming. She carried thirty-six 68-pounders, two

100-pound Armsongs, four 40-pounders and two 25-pounders.

What a little world, I thought to myself, is this vessel. How I can fancy it hereafter, when it has long left its quiet moorings opposite the green field and has broken out into the wide sea, when the storm lashes it, the thunders bellow over it, and the lightnings drive their fiery shafts at it! I can see her moving with stately majesty to meet the vanguard of the enemy's fleet, breaking through a rain of iron, and driving like a cannon shot into the very heart of the foe.

Our ships are changed things, they are now great machines, no longer the

slow ships of Nelson's time. They require new fittings, new manoeuvres, new handling.

The next war will show us that all sorts of new elements are introduced into fighting by the use of iron steamships; and woe to those who are the slowest to learn the new lessons which time, the great schoolmaster of us all, has set them.

[In view of recent events, this word picture by Dickens is interesting. The "Warrior" now lies at Portsmouth, filling a useful purpose, and she affords a remarkable comparison with modern warships, which cost over a million to build and have engines of 18,000 horse-power.]



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The first word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of a large Canadian city. The second word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of something we all use. The third word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all do. The fourth word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all have.

In order to help you a little we have put a mark under the 1st letter in each word. Now can make them out.

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle and if you are correct, you may win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live, we do not care one bit who gets the money. If you can spell out three of these words, write them plainly and mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you promptly. We are giving away \$100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay, send in your answer at once.

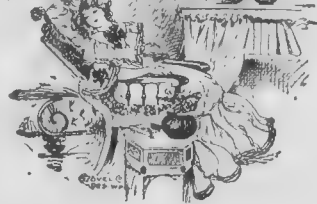
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.



Motto for the month.

"Make Friends with Good Books."

THE TABARD INN.

The Tabard Inn Library is now an established fact in Winnipeg, and I understand during the present month of October will be introduced into quite a number of the smaller towns throughout the three provinces. I fan I said something before about the working of this library, but it will do no harm to call attention to it once more, as it is pre-eminently a library for country points. In the Tabard Inn you buy one book outright, paying for it \$1.50. If you choose, your connection with the library may cease then and the book remain your property. There are, however, a number of privileges attached to this purchase, the chief of which is that on payment of 5c. you can at any time change your book for another, not only at the point where you made your original purchase, but in any city or town in America where the Tabard Inn have a branch, and they are pretty well diffused over the continent. The advantage of this is enormous, as it insures a new book to read wherever you may travel with but a minimum expense.

The Tabard Inn Library is to be run in connection with the Book Lover's Library, that is, Mr. Way is to supervise the ins'ng of both. There are a number of privileges to clubs, etc., in connection with both the Tabard Inn and the Book Lover's, which I fully intended to procure and print for the benefit of readers of the column, but other matters have been so pressing I have not found the time to do so. However, I am sure that a card dropped to Mr. Way, Book Lover's Library, Winnipeg, will bring all the information required.

Now that the long, cool evenings are again with us, it seems so natural to turn to the friends in print, that the majority of us neglect in the long, bright days of the all-too-short summer of a northern climate.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

To the families on farms I feel like making an appeal for a fall and winter devoted to the English classics. I find in my travels through the country an appalling number of young Canadians who know little or nothing of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, and kindred writers. Dickens and Scott are pre-eminently authors to read aloud, and once this practice is started in the family circle I am sure it would be kept up. Another English classic for which I would like to make an appeal is "Lorna Doone," Blackmore's great novel of the moors. I simply cannot understand any boy not becoming interested in the adventure of John Ridd and the desperate doing of the Doones, if once properly introduced to them. George Eliot's books should be read also, though they are more difficult to interest children in. I think the best one to begin with would be the "Mill on the Floss," as the lives of Maggie and Tom Tulliver would find an echo in many a child's heart here on our western prairies. Childhood's unexpressed and inexpressible longings are much the same in the Canadian West as they were in the English life of the early part of the nineteenth century.

I make a plea for reading aloud in the family circle because so much of the pleasure of my own childhood days came from it. My taste for good literature was formed by these family readings and discussions of the books read.

The reading aloud should be first assigned to the member of the family who has some natural gift in that direction, or who has had some training, but each one should be taught to take their turn and to learn to read slowly and carefully. Reading aloud, so as to give genuine pleasure, is a very rare, as it is a most pleasing accomplishment. I do not mean dramatic reading, as taught by the average teacher of elocution, save the mark, but simply reading aloud in a well modulated voice and with a proper degree of expression.

At these family readings the dictionary should always be near at hand, and it should be the duty of some one member of the circle to look up the derivation and meaning of any word in doubt.

I venture to predict that any family taking up a regular course of reading aloud in this way will find at the end of the winter, not only that they have added to their store of information about good books, but that as a family they have drawn closer together than they ever did before. Care should be taken in the reading to, in turn, give scope to the particular taste of each child or grown person in the circle. What interests one will be dull to another, so that each should have their turn. It should be a point of honor for each member of the circle to respect the tastes of every other member, and to give courteous and careful hearing to their favorite author. This will tend to develop a surprising amount of esprit de corps, and will also soon widen the range of each member's literary sympathies and affiliations.

GOOD MAGAZINES. Every family should take at least one standard magazine outside of the daily and weekly newspapers they may get, and I would urge that the choice fall on an English or Canadian magazine, rather than an American publication, though the latter may be cheaper.

The looking forward to the arrival of the monthly magazines was one of the pleasures of our childhood. There was Chambers, and the Edinburgh Sunday Magazine, edited in those days by the famous Dr. Guthrie, and Good Words. We lived two and a half miles from the post office, but I remember how my brothers used to plead to be allowed to go for the mail on the days when the magazines were due, no matter how sharp the frost or hard the storm. When they got back and tea was over we gathered round a splendid open fire of maple and beech logs and the magazines were opened. It was a point of honor not to tear off the covers until after tea. Then the continued stories were read aloud. Nearly all of Geo. MacDonald's earlier books came to us in this way.

I especially remember one story, though for the life of me I cannot remember the author. It was called "Against the Stream," the story of an heroic age in England, and was a portrayal, and a masterly one, of the struggle of Wilberforce and his followers for the freedom of the slaves. It was so well written and so vivid that it used to seem hardly possible to wait from one month to another for the next chapter. Many of Edwin Garratt's books came out in these magazines, and a wonderful series of sketches of the London poor, entitled "Our District," by a Riverside Visitor. Though the stories were read first, and were most appreciated by my brothers and myself, yet we sat and listened to the graver articles read aloud for the older heads, and gathered much from them. I can remember some of the texts and many portions of sermons by Dr. Guthrie, that I gathered in that way. I trust some of my readers

will try this plan; once begun, it will be continued. I do not believe there is any farm home so busy that one hour an evening cannot be spared for reading aloud and discussing what has been read. Do try it, dear women, who read the Quiet Hour.

WOMEN WORK IN BRITAIN.

During the month I had the pleasure, along with others, of meeting Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald, the wife of the Labor leader in England, and who is herself chairman of the general committee on legislation in connection with the Woman's Council in Great Britain.

Mrs. Macdonald is a small, slight woman, with a most unassuming manner and a pleasant smile, and she gave a little talk on what women in the old land had been able to do in the matter of bringing about better legislation on many matters relating to women, and in other cases preventing unjust or ill-advised legislation becoming law.

The thing that struck me most forcibly was the immense amount already accomplished by just persistently keeping at it. One of the methods employed was to find out when certain bills were coming before the house, get copies of them and mail them to members of the Woman's Council in country towns and villages, and get them to write the local member for their district, pressing upon him that such things should or should not be done.

It struck me then, and after consideration of the matter I am still convinced that this method would be the best for the women of Manitoba to adopt in getting back their privilege of voting, of which they were so unjustly deprived at the last session of the local house.

I have not said anything heretofore about that piece of party juggling; it was so manifestly done to curtail the temperance vote that it seemed hardly worth while talking about it. But the time is coming when this injustice can and should be rectified, and if the women of each community would get together and pour in letters on their local member, I think it would have the desired effect.

The time seems ripe now for not only the restoration of this right (I will not call it a privilege), but for the introduction of full suffrage for women. Once that was established it would not then be possible for a few men, for party purposes, to deprive one-half of the community of their rights.

If local option is a good thing, and I still think it is, though in many particulars it has failed, then the only way to maintain it is for women to have votes, and the only way votes can be obtained is the following up of local members and getting them pledged to this course of action.

Wherever there is a branch of the Local Council of Women, they would be the ones to take the matter up, but where there is no such body the women of the district should band themselves into some kind of society or club for the purpose of urging this reform.

I am sure the time is ripe for a great forward movement in this matter, and I would like to see the women of Manitoba alive to their opportunities.

PUBLIC BATHS.

The number of drowning accidents in Winnipeg this season, and the extremely hot weather, seems to have drawn the attention of citizens generally to the crying need of public baths where boys and girls and young men and young women can be taught to swim.

The Young Women's Christian Association, in the plans for their new building which were prepared last year, have provided for a splendid plunge bath 12x26, and a full complement of shower and tub baths. These will be open to all women, even though they may not be members of the Association. The fee will be a very nominal one. Only the young women from open, breezy farm homes, who are cooped up in cheap boarding houses where there is per-

haps but one bath to ten or a dozen rooms, will appreciate to the full the privilege that they will enjoy as soon as this building is open. There is to be a swimming trainer always in charge of the plunge, and no trouble will be spared to make it comfortable for the Winnipeg women who have not homes of their own.

MISS JONES.

I am sorry to record the departure from Winnipeg of Miss Jones, who so ably filled the position of Travellers' Aid Agent at the Winnipeg depots. Overwork broke down her health to such an extent that she has been obliged to return to England to reside.

All over the West I am sure there are girls and women, whom she helped and comforted when they were strangers, who will be sorry to know that she will no longer greet them when they step from the train in Winnipeg station.

A position of this kind, to a conscientious woman such as Miss Jones, was a very heavy responsibility, and it is small wonder her health gave way. All who met with her will join in wishing her a speedy return to complete health and strength. The giving up of the work here was a real heartbreak to her, and one that she could not speak of without tears.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A friend of mine who attended the British Medical Association meetings in Toronto brought back this delicious joke on some of the learned professors who attended the sessions of that very august body. It seems a number of the professors from Great Britain brought with them cases of pathological specimens for the museum, and these were duly preserved in alcohol. The said professors evidently knew a great deal more about pathology than they did about Canada, her climate, etc., for everyone of the packing cases containing these specimens was carefully marked, "To be preserved from all danger of frost." It seemed poetic justice that these same professors found Toronto hot as any bake oven, and during the session of the gathering sat day after day and mopped their streaming brows and sighed for a cool breeze. It would almost seem as if the clerk of the weather were himself taking a rise out of them. It is quite good enough for Punch.

Free For the Asking.

The Norman Lindsay, Limited, of Winnipeg, has just issued a handsome illustrated catalogue of pianos, musical instruments of all kinds, including a complete list of the latest and most popular music. Their catalogue is most complete in every detail, and the buyer living in distant country points and having one of those catalogues can shop with as much satisfaction as if actually present in the store.

With the purchase of a violin, mandolin, guitar, banjo, cornet, flute, etc., they furnish a free lesson proposition in music which is more than worthy of special attention and prompt investigation. The house is most reliable, and our readers would do well to write at once for handsome new illustrated catalogue. Just drop them a postal card and mention the Western Home Monthly, and a catalogue will be mailed you at once.

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Hammond, the premier furrier of Winnipeg, has just issued a handsome new illustrated catalogue showing all the very newest styles in furs. One of those beautiful money-saving catalogues should be in every house. Just send them a post-card, and say that you saw the announcement in the Western Home Monthly, and a copy of the catalogue will be mailed you free.

I have a vegetable cure for female diseases and piles, and I will send package free to any sufferer. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 2047, Kokomo, Ind.

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We make ladies' tailor suits. Our leader is a Vicuna cloth (dull smooth finish similar to broadcloth) in black, Navy, dark green, seal brown, Dark grey, and Fawn. It is a \$15 tailor suit. We, the makers, can offer it from our factory at \$6.95. We sell hundreds of these suits. The Jacket has a tight fitting back, double breasted, with three tucks on each side, Mercerized sateen lined. The skirt is 7 gore, three tucks on each seam, flaring at knee. Suit may be returned and money refunded if unsatisfactory.

Jacket alone \$4.50;
Skirt alone \$4.00.

Give bust measure, around waist and around hips and length of skirt in front. We pay postage on suit if you add 75c.

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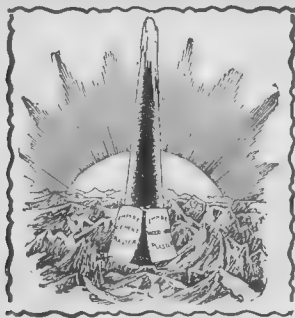
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As the self-binding reaping machine is superior to old methods, so is the New Century superior to the wash board or any other method of cleaning clothes. **The New Century Ball-Bearing Washing Machine** in the home stands for clean clothes, lightened labor, quick and satisfactory results.

You sit while using it—and five minutes is sufficient for a tubful. If your dealer has it have him show it to you—If not, write us for descriptive booklet. Sold by dealers for \$8.50. **THE DOWSWELL MFG CO. LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.**



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Empire Cement Plaster

Is the most **POPULAR BRAND** of **HARD WALL PLASTER** this year. The **BEST PEOPLE** are using it. **YOUR BUILDING** is not complete without it. All the **BEST JOBBERS** and **DEALERS** keep it. Manufactured by the **MANITOBA GYPSUM CO., LIMITED.** 806 UNION BANK, WINNIPEG.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

H. J. Holmes:—Christianity will not fail you unless you fail Christianity.

Margaret Deland:—Tell the truth, tell it not as you wish to see it, or as you wish other people to see it—but as it is.

Wm. J. Bryan:—I stand just where I stood ten years ago. I am more radical in 1906 than I was in 1896.

Prof. Pearson:—Red-haired people are more conscientious, more quick-tempered, more delicate than dark people.

Andrew Carnegie:—I am 65 years old; but if I could make Faust's bargain, I would give all that I have to live only one-half of my life over again.

Montreal Star:—When a bank fails in China, they cut off the heads of the officials. They haven't had any failures there in recent years.

James Montgomery:—There are plenty of professors of moral philosophy in the university of life.

Hamer Greenwood, M.P.:—What we must have in England is the democratic and popular laws which you have here, and I am assured that the enactment of such laws in England would bind much more closely together the mother country and the various colonies.

Hamer Greenwood, M.P.:—Whatever ideals I started with, I have not surrendered any, and certainly I have not satisfied many ambitions. Had I been born in England I would have been an emigrant to Canada; having been born in Canada, I am able to make a success in England.

E. L. Borden, M.P.:—We do not depart from the best traditions of the past, but the national policy of to-day must take account of the conditions which have arisen since 1873. In no part of the world is the question of transportation of more vital concern than in Canada, and nowhere are the opportunities more favorable on the whole for its solution. The problem begins at the farm or the factory, and ends with the market, whether at home or abroad.

Marie Corelli:—Many good, many beautiful, many delicate women "do something" for a living, but the fight is always fierce and the end sometimes bitter.

John Dale:—When I first went to Manitoba, the township in which I reside had exactly one house. The Bell Telephone Co. in one week recently gathered in seventy subscribers in this same township. This gives you a trifling idea of the growth of the West.

Dr. Oronhyateka:—Competition among fraternal societies is getting keener and keener, and in order to facilitate the getting of new business we frequently remit the registration and certificate fees, amounting to two dollars, that may be collected when new members are initiated.

Colonel Lamb:—One great advantage which Canada has in the matter of emigration is the fact that it is a poor man's country. In Australia and in South Africa large capital is needed. Capital is almost essential in any country, but in Canada something may be done by the man without a dollar.

The Farmers' Sentinel:—Hair on the arms may be removed by lying on the lawn and letting the hired man run the lawn mower over them. Do not neglect the teeth. Twice a year, at least, have them examined by a competent veterinary surgeon. Remember, horses are judged by their teeth.

James Simpson:—The Socialist has no objection to the development of marksmanship or physical development. What the Socialist objects to is the development of the military spirit amongst the public school pupils which of necessity involves national animosities and prejudices.

Herbert Gladstone, M.P.:—I do not see why there should not be, as Lord Strathcona said the other day, 70,000,000 of people in Canada by the end of the twentieth century. If I had to begin life over again and make a start, I would rather go to Canada than anywhere.

Some Piano Facts The MORRIS PIANO

is the only Canadian piano that improves with use.

It

commands a high place in the estimation of the music-loving people of Canada.

It

has solidity of construction, smoothness and mellowness of tone which endures for years.

Has

a beauty of finish, and a capacity for staying in tune, not found in any other piano,

is

the recognized standard of musical and mechanical excellence.

Is

making thousands of friends throughout the Dominion.

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only words of praise from all those using it.

If

you want a piano that will give you absolute satisfaction, buy a Morris.

Send for catalogue, price list and book of information.

THE MORRIS PIANO COMPANY

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NEWS
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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

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Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the Liquor Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

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send description and price of the property you want to sell, then we will write you, explaining how and why we can sell it. Our plan of selling costs nothing and may be of great value to you.

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Our students were exceedingly successful; and we passed a larger percentage than the regular schools. Letters like the following, reach us daily.

Cardston, Alta., July 31, 1906.

The Home Correspondence School,
Dear Sirs,
The results of the examination are announced and my name is in the list of successful candidates. It is needless to add I am well pleased and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for the helpful suggestions given in the lessons for the careful manner in which my papers were corrected and the promptness with which they were returned. I assure you the School has my hearty support and I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

Wishing the School future success, I am,
Yours Respectfully,
(Signed) Mary Barker.

NOTE.—Miss Barker enrolled for our Standard VII. Course in November, 1905, and passed her Examination in July 1906.

Please send me full information regarding the Course marked X.
Chartered Accountants (Primary)
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603 Temple Building, TORONTO, Canada
A. C. PRATT, M.P.P., President and Manager

Temperance Talk.

Drink Habits of Europeans.

Dr. Wiley, has been making investigations concerning pure food. He is the chief of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture under the United States government. He has just returned from Europe, where he has been visiting canning establishments, breweries and wine and spirits producing establishments in Great Britain, Germany and France in the interest of the food inspection service of the United States, with a view of learning their methods in the use of preservatives, or coloring matter, or anything else that may be of service in the inspection of imported food materials.

In speaking of the drink habits of Europeans, Dr. Wiley says:

"I went through the Gironde and cognac districts of France. France is producing enormous quantities of wine, principally clarets, and also ships large quantities of brandy. There is a rigid government supervision of the brandy industry, and French brandies, since this law went into effect, are generally pure when they leave the bonded warehouses.

"What astonished me very much was the remarkable increase of beer consumption in France, in spite of the abundance of cheap wines. When I was in Paris years ago, a great many people in the boulevard cafés and in the tabarets drank absinthe, a drink which, aside from its strong alcoholic properties, is very injurious to the health. Now, the Parisian often drinks beer, not only of domestic manufacture, but also imported from Germany, and he orders "un boc" with a nonchalance which does not in the least betray any aversion to its German origin.

"In the northern provinces beer takes very frequently the place of wine, and it almost seems as if beer were becoming the popular drink in some parts of France. This remarkable change in the drink habits of the French people, especially in the abandonment of the vile, poisonous absinthe, will, unquestionably, prove to be of great benefit to the French.

"In Scotland and Ireland I visited the great distilleries, and in England the great breweries. In England some brands of beer, ale, stout etc., are made entirely of barley, malt and hops, and others of malted and unmalted grains and sometimes brewing sugars. The use in part of unmalted cereals produces, it is said, a beer of lighter color, which Americans seem to affect. American brewers say that unmalted cereals produce a smaller quantity of alcohol in beer: whether this is so or not, I can not say; as I have never examined this point.

"In the countries along the Rhine and the Moselle, wine is consumed in large quantities. In Northern Germany where the climate is somewhat rough, and especially in Pomerania, where there is a very poor peasantry, there is

much complaint of the increase in the use of spirits, but in middle and south Germany people drink beer generally.

"The German beer garden is a typical institution. Every city has one or more of them, according to its size. On summer evenings and Sunday afternoons there is generally good concert music in these gardens, rendered by an orchestra or a military band. They are visited by multitudes of people, with very little distinction of station. The people are all neatly dressed, sit at tables—men, women and children, families usually grouped together—and sip their beer, listen to the music and chat in the intervals.

"Although everybody, regardless of sex, and almost regardless of age, drinks beer it is used very moderately, and there is an entire absence of the treating habit. This, and the presence of women and children, exclude the possibility of excess, and the whole is permeated by an atmosphere of refinement and cheerfulness. If beer drinking is condemned by some as an objectionable habit—and every one has a right to an opinion on that subject—it must be admitted, I think, that the Germans practice it in the least objectionable way."

Sentence Sermons.

Struggle is the school of strength.
Faith is food as well as medicine.
He who fears to leave tradition can not find truth.

The wealth of true love will cure the love of wealth.

A hard head is apt to be dull without the bright eyes of love.

Personal righteousness will be the source of any permanent reform.

The life that is written in blue ink does not turn to a permanent color.

The keys of life are not given to those who cannot keep the door of the lips.

Reverence reveals the heart of every truth; superstition sees but the surface.

It takes more than the Sunday dress parade to make the Christian warrior.

The people are losing much of life where the prophets are afraid of losing life.

When a man is drifting with the stream he is likely to think that the stream has ceased to flow.

There's a lot of people so perfectly good they cannot give the rest of us a chance even to be pretty good.

You get near the real valuation of a man when you see him put a penny in the offering while he sings, "Take my life."

One of the great deficiencies of modern worship is that it presents only one opportunity to walk up the aisle with the new dry goods.

The man who wants to make a million in order to build a hospital often satisfies himself with donating his old clothes when he has made his pile.

LUBY'S
Parisian Hair Renewer
restores gray hair to its youthful natural color and beauty. Cures Dandruff and makes the hair grow strong and healthy.
All Druggists.

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Reliable men as salesmen or local agents to sell Fruit or Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruit Bushes, and Forest Seedlings.

OVER 600 ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION.

We offer HARDY, TESTED VARIETIES approved of at BRANDON and INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARMS, and grown expressly for our Manitoba and North West Territory trade. All shipments accompanied by

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Good opportunities for farmers and other reliable parties wishing permanent or part time employment. Write for terms.

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TORONTO - - - - - ONT.



Somerville Steam Marble & Granite Works BRANDON, MANITOBA Scotch Granite

Our third car of BEAUTIFUL GRANITE MONUMENTS will arrive in Brandon about the 1st of September. We are buying 25% cheaper than before and giving our customers the advantage of carload freight rates. On May 25th we received two carloads direct from Aberdeen, Scotland, and to-day have only three small jobs of this shipment unsold. This is a record in the monument business.

We want you to remember that you can save your railway fare and a good many dollars besides by coming to see us at our yards in Brandon. Our travellers have designs of a large number of stones that will be included in the next car. You are safe in doing business with them, but be sure that they represent Somerville & Co., Brandon, who will give you a square deal.

WOULD YOU SPEND TEN CENTS to make ten dollars? For ten cents (silver) I will send particulars of a plan by which any farmer or any man living in a farming community can add from five to fifteen dollars a week to his income. Pleasant easy work. No Canvassing. F. W. CUTLER, 70 POWER ST., TORONTO

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We offer a complete assortment of the following spring and winter flowering Bulbs for planting in October-November.

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Bird Seeds and supplies, Poultry supplies, Flower Pot and Fancy Vases, Lawn Grass Seed, Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds of all descriptions.

Send for illustrated descriptive Catalogue now ready.—Free.

SPECIAL OFFER

Colln. No. 1—For house culture, 26 Bulbs, retail price 85c., for 50c. post paid.

Colln. No. 5—For garden culture, 50 Bulbs, retail price 95c., for 50c. post paid.

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White Calla Lillies, 20c. each.



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Lea & Perrins' Sauce

has been before the public for very many years (nearly a century)

during which time it has commanded an ever increasing sale in all markets of the world. The innumerable imitations attracted by its success are devoid of the excellence of quality and richness of flavor characteristic of the genuine article, which is prepared from the original recipe, the exclusive property of Messrs. Lea & Perrins.

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The fact that unscrupulous persons commonly make use of the designation "Worcester" for inferior productions, and even call them genuine, renders it necessary that the public should ask specifically for Lea & Perrins' Sauce and refuse cheap Substitutes.

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Full Government Deposit for the Security of Policyholders.

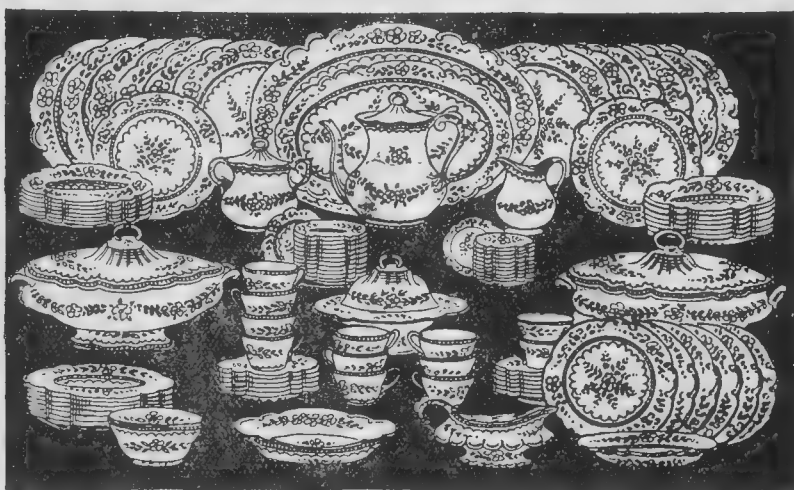
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\$1,000 Reward paid to any person who can prove we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away, free, 1,000 Dinner and Tea Sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, each set 97 pieces, latest design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or forfeit our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes **Absolutely Free**.

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS 10 BOXES AT 25c. A BOX

of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan. Every one who buys a box of Pills from you receives a present. We send 10 handsome pieces of Gold-finished Jewellery to give away with the medicine. You can sell the medicine quickly this way. Don't miss this Grand Opportunity. Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, \$2.50, to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold. We are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once. Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address The Dr. Armour Medicine Co., Dish Dept. 54 Toronto, Ont.

The Home Doctor.

The Wood-Box.

Settin' here to-night, I'm thinkin'
Of a home I ust to know;
Sort o' starts my heart a' sinkin',
That old scene of long ago.
In a kitchen I'm a-lookin',
In a farmhouse in a grove,
Past old mother there a-cookin',
Is the wood-box 'hind the stove.

Recollect, now don't you, mister?
You can see it same as me;
'Member how your hands 'ud blister,
Now and then? An' splinters, gee!
See the chips an' bark it's holdin',
Not a single stick of wood;
Hear old mother at you scoldin',
Tellin' you to fill it good?

Ust to seem that box, you 'member,
Hardly gave you time to play.
Kep' you mad clean from September
Till warm weather come in May;
Seems as though 'twould kill you, still it
Didn't, now I'll tell you true—
Fer the chance I'd gladly fill it;
Yes, you bet, an' you would, too.

Pleurisy—How To Treat.

The affection of pleurisy, or pleuritis, is an inflammation of the pleura. The pleura is the membranous lining of the chest and covering of the lungs. The trouble may have one of several or combination of causes, inasmuch as there are several kinds of the disease. There is the idiopathic (the disease proper), and then there is pleuritis as a complication of some other trouble, such as pericarditis (inflammation of the pericardium), scarlatina, measles, Bright's disease, pneumonia, variola, etc., and there are some few cases where acute pleurisy is the result of tubercular infection, and also of alcoholism.

Idiopathic pleurisy is caused by exposure or an injury. The latter, however, is hardly correct, as it would then be a result of another abnormal condition. It may also seem rather questionable to some to say that pleuritis is the result of exposure. Of course, I am speaking of the idiopathic disease, and not as a complication. A great many are confident they have seen various cases where there had been no exposure, and yet severe pleuritis resulted.

A great many cases are contracted even while the patient is sitting toasting his feet before a fire. But this does not change the exposure clause in the least. That door or window which was open, allowing a cold draught to strike him, was not taken into consideration.

A great many are chagrined to find they have contracted a case of pleurisy after having been out in the cold; they have taken unusual precautions, and cannot understand why they should have this ill result. Let us investigate.

If people knew better how to protect themselves it would be a hard row indeed for the doctors to hoe. Numerous people wear what they are

pleased to term chest protectors. All of us know how they are constructed; they are a protection merely for a small portion of the chest, and just where protection is least needed.

The question now is: Does this little article protect one from exposure which would be likely to affect the pleura? The pleura does not require nearly so much protection where this article lies as it does elsewhere. This membrane is much nearer the surface at the sides and under the shoulder blades than in the chest.

This is the reason why some persons are so chagrined to find that, although they have taken the precaution to wear a chest protector they have contracted a severe case of the difficulty now under consideration.

This cold causes, first, congestion, after which the pleura relaxes, thus permitting a gorging of the blood vessels, which would not otherwise appear. This causes excessive heat and inflammation. The affection may be of only a portion, or of one entire side, or both.

The remedies usually prescribed are blisters of some sort, probably mustard or cantharides. Bromide of potassium is also frequently prescribed for this trouble. But I would consider these remedies injurious rather than otherwise.

There is a simple remedy which is as nearly infallible as any remedy can well be, and it has the additional merit of being very simple and harmless. The condition existing in pleurisy after the trouble is fully established is excessive heat in the region affected, and that which needs to be done is to overcome this.

The patient whom we are to treat is in bed and suffering intense pain; the respirations are short, weak and rapid—reaching thirty-five per minute, perhaps—the pulse rapid but small; a slight fever; a continuous coughing, producing great distress. As the patient lies flat on the back we know both sides are affected.

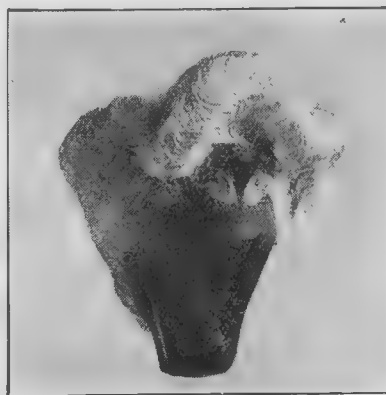
The back, and, in fact, the whole of the upper portion of the chest are thoroughly washed with vinegar. Then a flannel blanket of sufficient size to fold into four-ply, and yet be large enough to cover the entire back and chest, is secured. This is wrung out of cold water and gently placed into position, being tenderly pressed down upon the surface. It is rather surprising how quickly this becomes heated, as it was not realized how much heat really was there. But there is another flannel all ready to replace this one as soon as it becomes the least heated. It is now placed on and gently pressed to the skin, the one just removed being placed in fresh cold water. This process is continued until all of the pain disappears.

This is not all that is necessary.

J. PALMER & SON,

105 Notre Dame Street, - - MONTREAL,

Artistic Wig Makers and Hair Designers



The largest and best equipped Hair Establishment in Canada.

Our Hair Goods are absolutely unexcelled for Quality of Texture and Perfection of Style.

We excel in Pompadours, Wigs, Toupees and Transformations.

Each Department under an Expert from Europe.

We give special attention to mail orders.

Our object is to satisfy our customers.

Our prices are the lowest, considering quality.

however. If this, and this alone, should be used in every case, I fear there would be much cause for regret.

It frequently occurs that there is a greater drain placed on the general heat of the body by this cooling than can be withstood. It then becomes necessary to overcome this without even modifying the good work that is being done.

To accomplish this, a hot fomentation to the feet is necessary. Secure a large flannel blanket and prepare this according to the directions frequently given in this department, and apply it to the feet and limbs up to the knees. By keeping up this fomentation the vital heat is supplied to the body, and the cooling process for the relieving of the pain of the pleuritis goes on without interruption, performing its mission faithfully.

As soon as the pain is relieved the patient will probably doze off into a quiet sleep, and will secure some much-needed rest. When he awakens there may be a slight return of the pain. If there is, simply repeat the treatment, it will not take nearly as long this time. Two or three times repeating this treatment will be all that is necessary.

Now that it has been learned how to treat disease successfully, let us look at some of the interesting features.

Laymen are frequently struck dumb with amazement and terror by one peculiar feature of this disease. He is carefully watching a case when, to his horror, he notices the heart pulsations to the right of the sternum. To the average layman this seems an absolute impossibility. In another case the pulsations may be noticed just as much out of their natural position, only to the left.

This is explained as follows: In the beginning of the disease, or the first stage, there is merely a hyperaemia (presence of excessive blood) of the pleura, with slight exudation. Then, in the second stage, there is increased exudation, of a grayish-yellow color, completely covering the membrane, and giving it a shaggy appearance. In the third stage there is a copious exudation of a semi-fibrinous glutinous substance, of an adhesive nature. This coagulates, as the aqueous portion absorbs, filling the pleural cavity and even distending it.

If the affection is of the left side, this distension forces the heart from its position, even so far, in some cases, as before explained, as to force it to the right of the sternum. If the affection is of the right side the heart is forced to the left.

By the method of treatment herein given there are few cases of pleurisy which cannot be readily overcome. I have seen this method of treatment effect a speedy and absolute cure where everything else had failed and the sufferer had been given up to die.

One of the quickest known ways of dispelling a headache is to give some of the muscles—those of the legs, for instance—a little hard, sharp work to do. The reason is obvious. Muscular exertion flushes the parts engaged in it, and so depletes the brain. When your head aches take a stiff walk or a short bicycle ride.

New Scotch Bagpipe Catalog

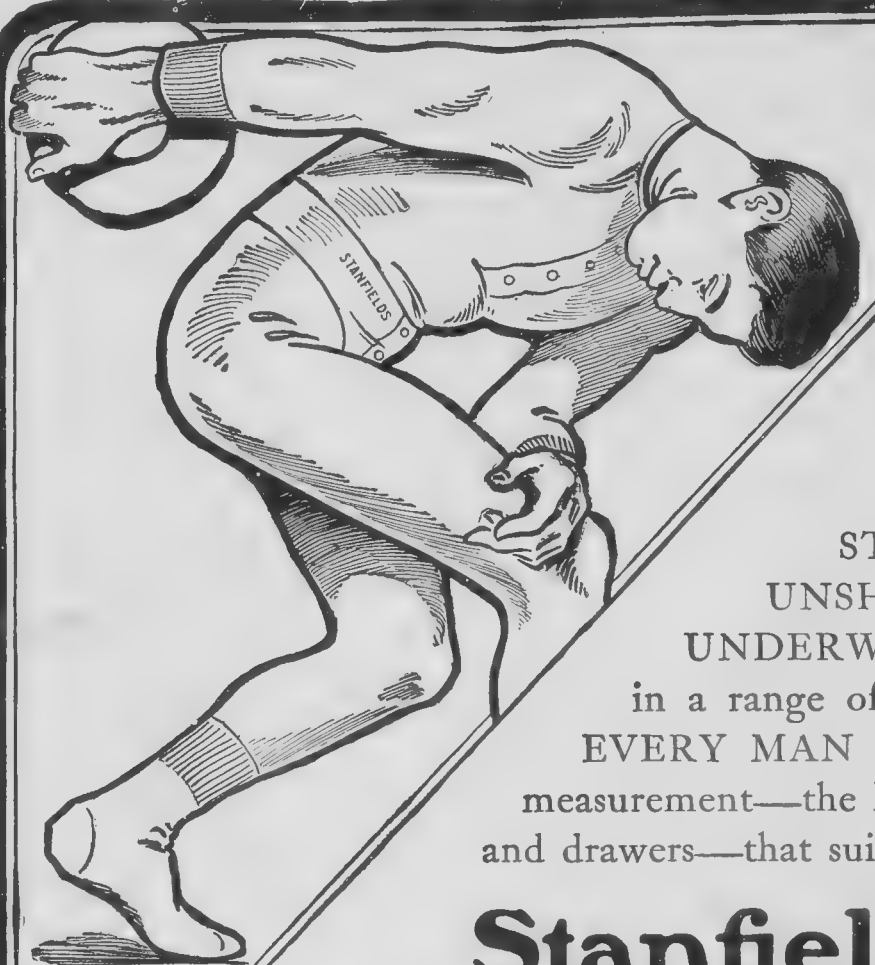
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Largest Dealers
in N. America

It fits like a second skin

STANFIELD'S
UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR is made in a range of sizes to give EVERY MAN just the chest measurement—the length of shirt and drawers—that suit his figure.

Stanfield's "Unshrinkable" Underwear

Is absolutely unshrinkable. It fits easily, comfortably—and it does not get loose and baggy with wear. Every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable and faultless. Your dealer will refund the money if you have a single complaint to make against any Stanfield garment.

97

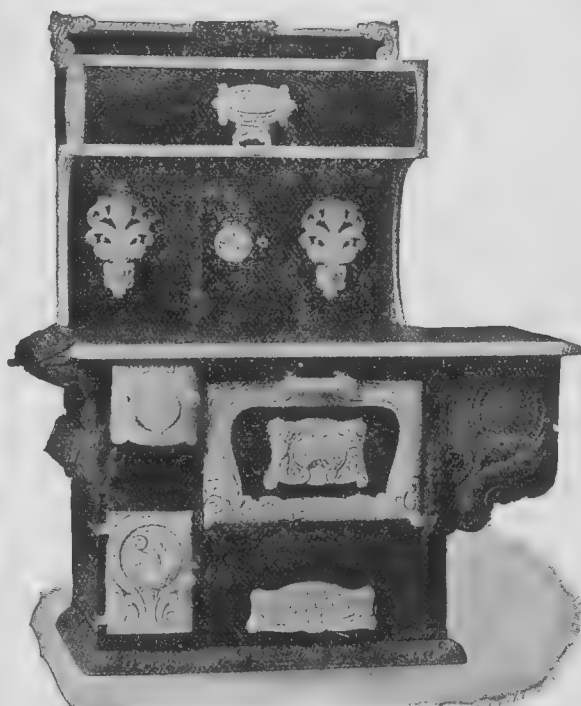
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Clare & Brockest

Winnipeg, Man.



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Our advice to watch purchasers has always been

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In this list we have endeavored to combine such movements and cases as our wide experience would indicate the most satisfactory for general use. By mail prepaid at these prices and returnable if unsatisfactory in any way.

Birks' "Thin Model" Watches

HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF LIGHTNESS
AND INAPPRECIABLE BULK IN THE
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This "Thin Model" is priced as follows:

No. 15.—15 jewelled movement, gunmetal case	\$8.00
No. 17.—16 jewelled movement, gunmetal case	18.50
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No. 79.—16 jewelled movement, silver case	15.00
No. 80.—17 jewelled movement, silver case	18.00
No. 224.—15 jewelled mov't, 25 year gold filled case	15.00
No. 226.—16 jewelled mov't, 25 year gold filled case	20.00
No. 228.—17 jewelled mov't, 25 year gold filled case	25.00
No. 200.—15 jewelled mov't, 14 karat solid gold case	30.00

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We constantly carry this watch in stock, cased as follows:

No. 150.—silver case, 15 jewelled movement	\$10.00
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No. 349.—25 year gold filled case, 15 jewelled mov't	15.00
No. 326.—14 karat solid gold case, 15 jewelled mov't	25.00
No. 331.—14 karat solid gold case, 16 jewelled mov't	30.00
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PATTERN DEPARTMENT



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified.
Order by number, stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



6709—A Blouse of Unusual Design.

Now that blouses are so necessary a part of the feminine wardrobe, the woman of good taste seeks variety and individualism in her selection. An attractive blouse of pale blue taffetas has a yoke shaped in points which are further emphasized by short narrow tucks



The blouse has a deep plastron yoke which is so becoming to the majority of women while the skirt is a seven-gored tucked one finished at the bottom with two deep tucks and of excellent shap- ing. A silk with large dots was used for the dress with yoke of plain tucked material and bands of gray to match the dot. The sleeves may be long or end at the elbow as shown. Any of the soft worsteds or mohair might develop the dress while a great variety of trimmings might serve. The medium size calls for 14½ yards of 27-inch material for the dress.

Two patterns; 6723—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 6724—sizes, 20 to 34 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 30 cents. Either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6495—A Closed Corset Cover.

There is certainly a pleasure in wear- ing the closed corset cover which only those who have tried the other kind appreciate. There are no buttons to be fastened or to be coming off every now and then, and when once slipped on over the head the matter of closing does not have to be considered. Here is a new model for one designed for the modish woman or girl who likes to be up to date in her apparel. The neck is in



in front. The back has four groups of tucks which are a becoming finish. The sleeve may be finished at the elbow or wrist as desired. A waist of this style may serve any purpose and be made of a great variety of materials. Any of the washing fabrics, silks or soft worsteds may serve. For the medium size 2½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6709—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust mea- sure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6723-6724—An Attractive Shirt Waist Dress.

Every season of the year finds its quota of shirt waist dresses of some description or other, so useful and be- coming an article of dress has it proved to be. Not the least attractive among the new season's gowns are these same frocks and one is sketched which may offer a suggestion to the home sewer.



round outline, the fulness being regu- lated by means of ribbon-run beading which appears also as finish for the armhole edges. The back is comfort- ably full but not so much so as to be bunched while the front is generous enough to go on easily over the head and provide support for the shirt blouse. Medallions of embroidery or lace may be inset or the garment may be embroidered in some simple design. For these garments, fine nainsook, lawn and handkerchief linen are the favor- ites. One yard of 36-inch material is needed for the medium size.

6495—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6449—Ladies' Undervest.

During this season of popularity for the separate coat, the undervest of chamois or quilted silk is a great favor- ite and saves many a one from discomfort when the cold air creeps

34⁵⁰



IS THE PRICE TOO LOW

For this handsome high-grade Steel Range, when the ordinary, small-sized range sells at from \$50 to \$80? This steel range is made specially for us (and bears our name), by one of the largest American Steel Range makers, that is why we are able to sell it for \$34.50. This range weighs 500 pounds, and will outwear two ordinary ranges weighing only 300 pounds each. Our \$34.50 Range has six 9 inch lids, top cooking surface 30 x 40 inches, oven 13 in. high, 20 in. wide, 21 in. deep, height of base 31 in. It will burn coal or wood equally well. The capacity of reservoir is 15 gals. It has a beautiful high-shelf warming closet. This is a range that we can highly recommend as a baker and heater, and would be an ornament to any kitchen. We guarantee that it will give perfect satisfaction, or we will refund money together with freight charges both ways. Before you buy a range from any dealer write us for Catalog and further particulars. Catalog free.

The MACDONALD MAIL ORDER LTD.,
Dept. M. 1. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

along the folds of the coat and sends chills down the spine. Here is a very practical suggestion for a gift to any one which may be made with little difficulty. No fitting is needed as the pattern is perfectly graded and requires only the sewing of shoulder and under-

in a variety of ways, braid, narrow pleated ruffles of silk or lace being used. The chemisette is removable and may be worn when the weather demands. Tucks stitched to long waist



arm seams and joining to belt to construct it. The vest fits the back smoothly and shows an easy fulness at the waist line in front. Its edges are all neatly stitched and the closing is effected by attractive buttons. A natty little turndown collar finishes the neck. It is attractive enough to show with any coat. The chamois may be covered with back silk if desired. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

6449—sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4754—A Smart Little Coat.

Double breasted effects are very becoming to small wearers, and the coat shown is no exception. It is a model which may serve for any season of the year being suitable to development in serge, cheviot, taffetas, linen or camel's hair. The broad round collar is an attractive feature and may be trimmed



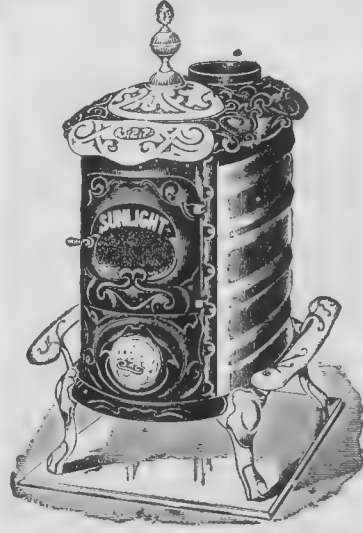
depth appear at each side of the front and back and provide fulness for the skirt. A belt of leather or the material may girdle the waist. For excellent style and simplicity of construction this small coat is first among the season's models. In the medium size, the pattern calls for 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

4754—sizes, 5 to 14 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

The Crick in the Back.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delighted is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

\$6.60 Buys This Handsome Heater.



The Sunlight Air-tight is made of Heavy Gauge Wellsville Blue Polished Steel with Heavy Cast Top and Bottom. Cast Front with Large Feed Door and Screw Draft, lined with extra sheet to protect outside body. Has Nickel Urn Base, Nickel Top Panel, Nickel Foot Rails, Nickel Legs and Fancy Urn. A heavy substantial Air-tight Heater of pleasing design that will out-wear a dozen ordinary sheet iron heaters. Size 18x14x20, weight 75 pounds. For Wood Only.

Cut out this Ad. and mail it to us enclosing \$6.60 and we will forward by first freight The Sunlight, No. 520, which is better made, better finished, more lasting, a more economical fuel consuming heater, and guarantee it better than any heater you can buy elsewhere at double the price, and if you do not find it so, return it to us at our expense within 30 days and we will refund your money with the freight you have paid.

Before you buy a Heater of any kind send for our catalogue which shows a most complete line of Heaters which we offer at the Lowest Prices ever known in the North-West.

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DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Just send your name and address and agree to sell only eight boxes of these famous remedies at 25c. a box. **We trust you** and send them by mail postpaid. Each customer who buys from you is entitled to a **handsome present** from us. You can sell them quickly. When sold return us the money and we will send this **lovely Fur Scarf** at once. If you sell the goods and return the money quickly we will give you an opportunity to secure a handsome "Gold" Watch or a magnificent Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring. Free, besides the Scarf, without selling any more goods. Don't miss this opportunity. Write now before you forget it and you can soon secure these **handsome presents**. Address,



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We have switches all lengths from 16 to 30 ins. ranging in price from \$1.00 upwards.

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Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees from \$15.00 upwards.

When ordering, send sample of hair, state length of switch wanted, and whether curly or straight.

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We also make switches from your own combings.

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The season for freshening things about the house for the long Winter is about due. And we would suggest your writing **AT ONCE** for new twenty-four page booklet "Something About Paint". There are some very helpful suggestions which we are quite sure will be of service to you.

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All our Ribbons are splendid value, all are deserving of notice, but we single out one line for special mention here.

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It is well worth 25c. per yard, and it cannot be bought elsewhere for any less, for, bought in the ordinary way it could not be laid down in Winnipeg to the wholesale dealer for our price to our customers. Every thread of it is pure silk. It is nearly five and a half inches wide, and of beautiful firm quality. It can be had in all colors and shades such as white, black, cream, old rose, pink, cardinal, new sky blue navy brown, turquoise, Nile and lilac. Our price for this magnificent quality of ribbon is, **19c.** per yard - - - -

For a streamer such as is shown in the accompanying cut, six yards of ribbon are required.

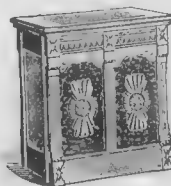
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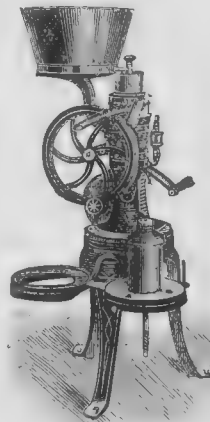
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CLEAN
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who know.

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Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

Dear readers:—How many of you got the correct answers to the puzzles which appeared in September number of The Western Home Monthly?

The answers to the September puzzles appear in this issue. We present another grist of puzzles for your solution, the answers to which will appear in our November number.

No. 1.—GEOGRAPHICAL

No. 1.—Geographical Question Puzzle.

1. In which town in Kansas should one expect to find vegetables and flowers in profusion?

2. Which town in Iowa would one be apt to name in telling a man to continue his travels?

No. 3.—PROBLEM.

Upon an Illinoisian plain I have a wide and rich domain Of timber land and prairie fair, Which is in form exactly square.

A fence I built around this farm, To keep my growing crops from harm. My posts I planted in the ground A rod apart, and then I found That for each post that fenced it round I had an acre, just, of land.

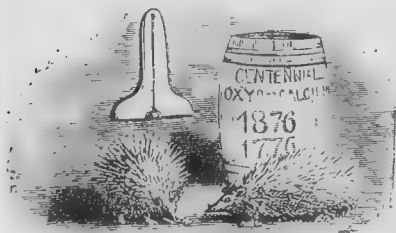
Your slates, and tell me, youngster band, How many posts my farm surround?

How many acres do they bound?

No. 2.—Illustrated Rebus.



No. 4.—PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



Find four fruits in the above picture.

No. 5.—OMITTED VERSE.

The words to be supplied in the following sentences will form a well-known quotation:

He saw the—sail into the—har-

bor. She—go where he dare not—.

—cows than horses are seen on farms.

—the—calf is often fattened for the market.

All—that sail at night—always try to—a light burning—their bows so as to be seen from—.

No. 6.—Old Style Conundrum.

Why is the queen bee superior to other creatures?

No. 7.—BEHEADED RHYMES.

In each stanza fill the first blank with a missing word; behead the word and fill the second blank; again behead, thus filling the third blank.

There was once a leviathan —, Who lived to be hearty and —,

By eating the food That would do him most good, And washing it down with old —.

He remarked to a wandering —, "To my precepts you surely should —,

For I'm older than you. To my age here's a clew:

They say I came out of the —.

"You should never lose temper —, And beware of great heat and great —,

Eat, drink and read books And beware oof fish hooks,

And you will surely live to be —.

No. 8.—ELLIPSES.

In each sentence fill the first blank with certain word, and the second blank with the same word beheaded.

1. The — resulted in —.

2. A boy made a toy — in our —.

3. Did you have to — for the —?

5. This — is full of —.

4. The — belongs to this —.

6. She went to the —, but was not — to remain there long.

Answers to Puzzles in September Number.

No. 1. Strange Transpositions.—1. Sleepers. 2. Swallows. 3. Llama.

No. 2. Pictorial Enigma.—Stream, star, arm, ram, aster, mast, mate, tar, mat, rat, rest, meat, eat.

No. 3. Word Square.—A T O M
T A L E
O L G A
M E A N

No. 4. Exceptions.—1. Album. 2. Boy, by. 3. Wreath, wrath. 4. Roman, roan. 5. Horse, hose.

No. 5. Pictorial Transposition.—Friv-
olous (four viols).

No. 6 Steps.—
Samson manful
sonnet fulton
 nether tonsil
 herman silver
 manger verbal
 german balsam
 samson.

No. 7. Problem.—14,400 revolutions in the three miles.

No. 8. Proverb Pie.—Follow the owl, she will lead you to ruin. 2. A stitch in time saves nine. 3. The walls have ears. 4. The scalded cat fears cold water. 5. The hasty word and hasty stone can never be recalled. 6. Enough is as good as a feast. 7. Honesty is the best policy.

No. 9. Hidden Precious Stones.—1. Diamond. 2. Garnet. 3. Cornelian. 4. Opal. 5. Agate

No. 10. Old Style Conundrum.—It makes him yellow (yell Oh!).

STEVENS FIRE ARMS

The sport of hunting is doubled if the hunter knows he is carrying a gun on which he can depend in every emergency. You can get such a gun if you will go to any good dealer and ask for a

Stevens Double-Barreled Shotgun

Hammer or hammerless, special steel barrels, choke-bored for nitro or smokeless powder and adapted for any standard make of shell, has celebrated Stevens check-hook.

Our Free Catalogue tells all about them and shows details of workmanship. Also describes all sorts and styles of Stevens Firearms, Rifles, Pistols, etc. Gives interesting information about Ammunition, Sights, Targets, Care of Firearms, etc. Enclose 4 cents in stamps to defray mailing expense.

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Price
\$3000
only



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either
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No statements or claims we can make will convince you the Wingold Range is in every way equal to the best as quickly as the actual use of one in your own home. That is why we offer you 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Send us our price, and we will send you the range with the understanding and agreement that you can use the range in your own home for Thirty Days, during which time you can put it to every possible test, compare it with other stoves you have used, and with stoves used by your friends and neighbors, and if you do not conclude that, size for size, kind for kind, the range we send you is in every way better than any range you can buy from your dealer at home or elsewhere; if you are not convinced that you have made a Big Saving in Cost to You, return the range to us at our expense and we will immediately refund your money with freight charges you paid.

This WINGOLD STEEL RANGE has six 8 inch lids; 18 inch oven, made of 16-gauge cold rolled steel; 15 gallon reservoir; large warming closet and high shelf; top cooking surface 30x34 inches; guaranteed to reach you in perfect order. Shipping weight 400 lbs. Thousands now in use and every one giving satisfaction. Every range guaranteed. DON'T BUY A RANGE FROM ANYONE AT ANY PRICE until you get our catalog. Write for it now.

WINGOLD STOVE COMPANY.

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Better protection against cold than furs. It has warmth without weight and is as comfortable as underwear can be. It keeps the body at an equal warmth under all conditions of the weather however severe.

Being made of undyed natural pure wool it is finer and more durable than wool that has been chemically treated in the dying process.

Get "Jaeger" Pure Wool Underwear this winter and be free from colds and chills. Made in all sizes, styles and weights for men, women and children. Obtainable from leading dealers in all principal cities.

Write for catalogue No. 36.

United Garment

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THE LEADING GRAIN MERCHANTS OF WINNIPEG

READ CAREFULLY

They are licensed and bonded. You take no chances when shipping to them. Write for grain sample bags, shipping bills properly made out, prices, and any information desired. Their card of shipping instructions is valuable and is sent free. Write for it. They are prompt in making settlement, and you can be sure of the very top price at all times. They can handle low grade, smutty and tough wheat to the best advantage as well as the high grades. They are always in the market for Oats, Barley and Flax. Reference: Union Bank of Canada, Winnipeg. You will be pleased with their methods of doing business, and the results of any cars you ship to them. Address: McHUGH CHRISTENSEN Co., 410 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man., P. O. Box 558.

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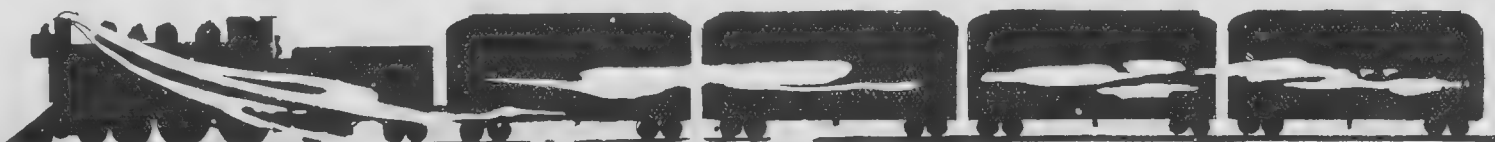
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McLAUGHLIN & ELLIS

Fort William or Port Arthur. Send Bill of Lading to our office in Winnipeg

Four years ago we opened our office in Winnipeg. To-day we have the largest number of satisfied customers of any Grain Commission firm in Canada. The reason for this is that we promised certain things, and we have fulfilled these promises.

This is what we promise to do; we get the highest price for your wheat, and give each car our personal attention.

We make you a liberal advance by mail (registered and insured against loss), the same day the bill of lading is received. We attach

duplicate Certificates showing grade and weight for car to each account sale.

We send returns to the shipper the same day the weights are received from Fort William.

The balance due on car is sent the same time as the account sale.

Your neighbor has probably shipped wheat to us. Ask him.

As to our financial responsibility, ask any Bank in Canada or any of the Commerical Agencies.

ORDERS IN OPTIONS EXECUTED IN ALL EXCHANGES.

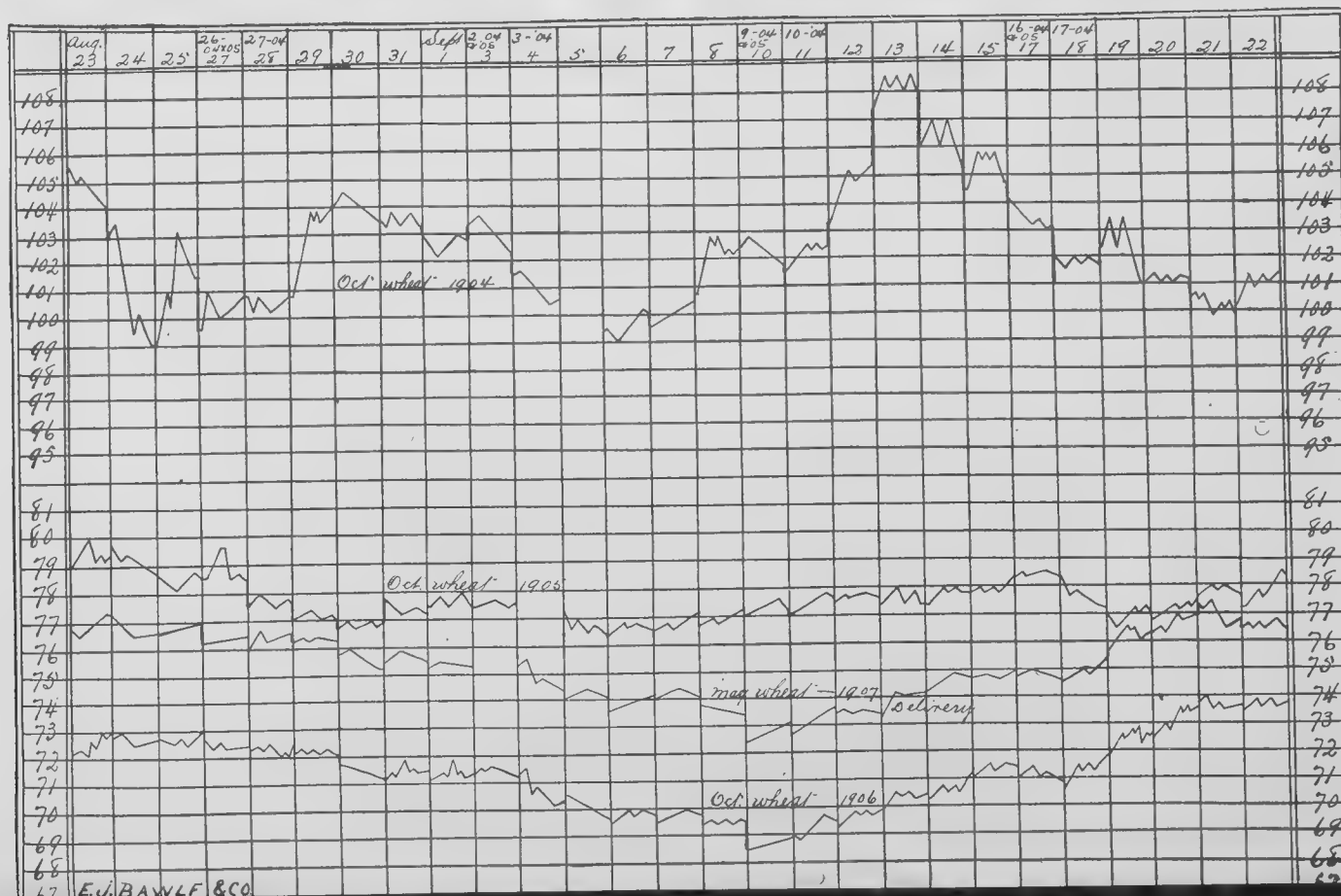
We are continuously represented on the floor of the principal Exchanges:

Members of Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, Chicago Board of Trade
WINNIPEG, CANADA

We have had eighteen years' practical experience in the Grain Business

COMPARATIVE CHART OF WINNIPEG WHEAT PRICES

For month ending Sept. 22, supplied by E. J. Balf & Co., Grain Brokers, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.



CLARK'S



Clark's Corned Beef

All good meat, boneless and wasteless. Open the germ proof can and it is ready-to-serve at any hour. Order some from your dealer to-day.

WM. CLARK, Mfr.
Montreal.

2-1-06

Lady's \$25.⁰⁰ Watch

SOLID GOLD

THE 15-Jewelled Ryrie Bros. Movement of this \$25 watch may be had in either closed or open face 14k. gold case.

It carries a full guarantee as to its accuracy in time-keeping.

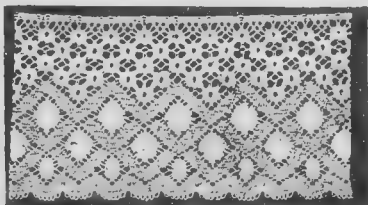
Precisely the same excellent movement in 25-year gold filled case will be sent postpaid for \$15.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.



Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

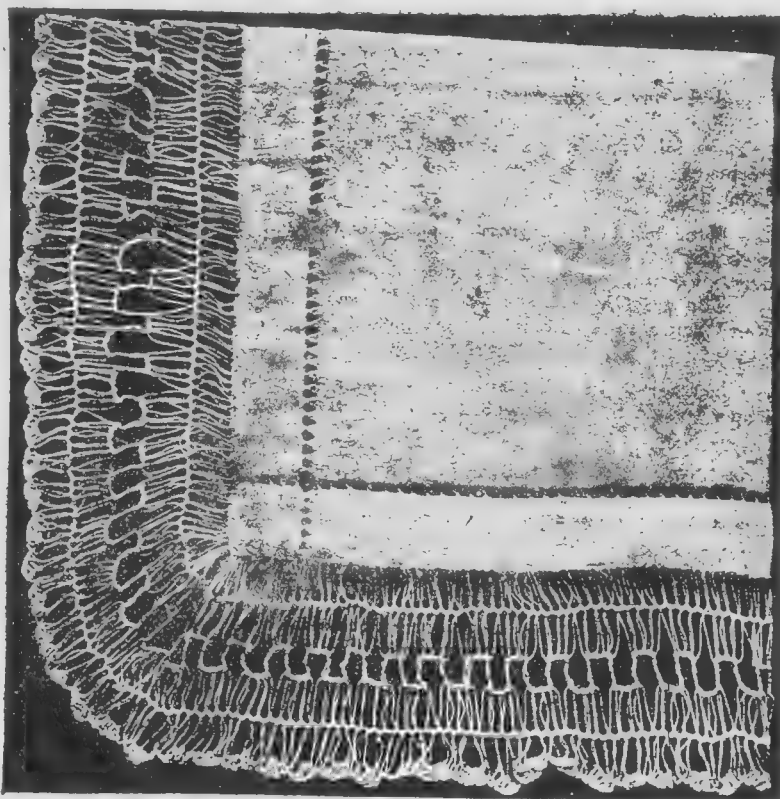
GREAT LACE AND RIBBON BARGAIN



We give the biggest and best value in Laces and Ribbons. For only 25c. we will send 10 yards Silk and Satin Ribbons in plain and fancy shades, also 12 yards pretty design Lace with 50 handsome silk pieces and a prize jewelry article. ALL the above goods mailed postpaid only 25c. Address H. BUCHANAN Co., 53 Vesey Street, New York.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Work for Busy Fingers.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

Handkerchief Border.

Make about three yards of hairpin lace fully one-half inch in width, using No. 50 or 60 white thread.

Commencing at the end, single crochet along the edge, making one s. c. between each loop of lace. At the corners use three or four loops as one and do not s. c. between the loop, until a neat turn has been made. Cut the lace and fasten the ends together. This little edge is to be sewn to the linen portion of the handkerchief.

Fasten the thread to an outside loop, ch. s. c. through the next loop. Repeat three times, ch. 5, s. c. through a loop of the second piece of lace, ch. 1, s. c. through the next loop. Repeat under four loops are connected, ch. 5 and connect four loops on the first piece of lace. Repeat, going back and forth from piece to piece.

For about an inch and a half on either side of the corners connect five or six loops in the place of four on the outside, or second piece, in order to make a smooth turn.

Fasten the two ends of the second piece together. Now fasten the thread through two outside loops, ch. 1, d. c. 4, through the next loop, ch. 1, s. c. through the next two loops, ch. 1, d. c. 4 through the next loop, ch. 1, s. c. through the next two loops. Repeat all around, thus completing a pretty, durable handkerchief border.

Nightingale Border.

This border is designed for flannel nightingale for a small child and is made in cream color Saxony yarn.

Half of each wheel is made in working forward and finished in working back, after which the heading is work-

ed on. All is done without cutting the yarn.

Start by winding the yarn five times over the forefinger, slip off, and fasten the windovers, now chain five and work 9 Rose Treble Stitches in the ring. (Detail of Rose Treble: Wind 15 times over the crochet needle, take up a loop through ring, yarn over needle and draw through two loops, yarn over needle and draw through two loops, yarn over needle and draw through the remainder of the coil on the needle, draw up the yarn so tight that it bends the coil double, 1 chain to fasten coil. Repeat this for each stitch).

*When the last of the 9 Rose Treble is made, make 5 chain, now wind a ring close up to the chain, slip off, fasten the windovers, 5 chain and fasten back in the first of the 5 chain at the end of Rose Treble now 9 Rose Treble in the ring and repeat from * for the length. Turn and work 9 Rose Treble in each ring, join between wheels.

For a heading on one side of the wheels, work doubles and trebles to suit the space so as to make an even edge. Over this work three singles and then a 2 chain picot; this will make a nice edge to sew to the flannel.

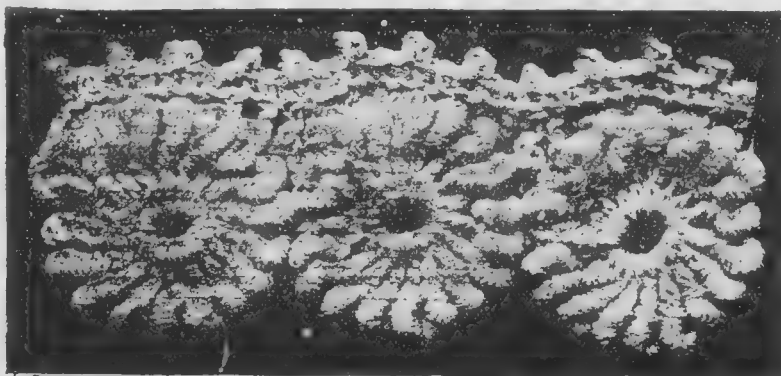
Lady's Hood.

Use four ounces of any shade soft Germantown yarn for hood. Two ounces two-thread Saxony for border. Use two of the very coarsest steel needles and two fine bone ones.

Cast on 65 stitches, knit 5 rows plain (*) 6, seamed, then knit 5 rows plain.

Repeat from (*) 7 times.

54th Row.—Seam 23, remove the rest of stitches to another needle, and



NIGHTINGALE BORDER.

WHAT

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

ARE

Fruit-a-tives are the marvels of modern medicine. They have accomplished more actual cures—done more good to more people—than any other medicine ever introduced in Canada for the time they have been on sale.

Fruit-a-tives are fruit juices. They are nature's cure for

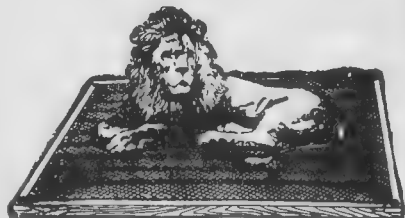
- CONSTIPATION
- BILIOUSNESS
- BAD STOMACH
- DYSPEPSIA
- HEADACHES
- IMPURE BLOOD
- SKIN DISEASES
- KIDNEY TROUBLE
- RHEUMATISM
- IRRITATED HEART

Fruit-a-tives are the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. These juices are concentrated—and by a secret process, the juices are combined in a peculiar manner. This new combination is much more active medicinally than fresh juices—yet so perfect is the union that Fruit-a-tives act on the system as if they were in truth a natural fruit, medicinally stronger than any other known fruit.

To this combination of fruit juices, tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets.

These are Fruit-a-tives—sold everywhere for 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.



Positive Proof of the Worth of

HERCULES

Spring Beds

Is given in the government test which showed that the guaranteed Hercules fabric will support five times the weight of an ordinary weave. These famous beds are strong enough for an ox and springy enough for a child. They never sag or lose their shape. Always give restful sleep.

Insist on your dealer supplying you with a guaranteed Hercules Spring Bed interlaced with copper wire.

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., LTD
TORONTO : MONTREAL : WINNIPEG

Central
Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.

CATALOGUES FREE.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



The Beauty of A Woman

is her hair, and every woman should take special care to preserve and cultivate it. If you don't know exactly how to do this write to us for our little booklet

The Care of the Hair

which will be forwarded to you for the asking. It is full of valuable information and should interest every woman. If there is anything that you need in Hair Goods of any kind, write to us.

MANITOBA HAIR GOODS Co
301 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful, \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere, sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

leave these until the tab of 23 stitches is finished. (*) Knit 5 rows plain.

60th Row.—Seamed. Repeat from (*) 25 times. Bind off 4, drop next stitch right off needle, bind off 5, drop next, and so on until all are bound off.

Now return to the stitches on extra needles. Drop the first stitch next to 5, drop next, bind off 5, drop next, bind off 1, and there are 23 for the other tab. the top, bind off 4, drop next, bind off 23 for the other tab.

Seam first row, then knit 5 rows plain and finish like other.

The dropped stitches must be pulled so they will run down and form open-work spaces through which run narrow ribbon. Fold the work together, and when the 65 stitches are cast on sew it together for top of head.

Border.—Take the Saxony and crochet 4 trebles in every ridge round hood.

2d Round.—Four treble on second treble of previous row, repeat all around.

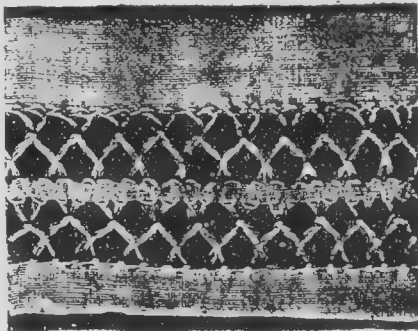
3d Round.—Six trebles on second treble; repeat all around.

4th Round.—Chain 3, 1 double between first and second trebles, (*) chain 3, 1 double between third and fourth, repeat from (*) all around. Finish top of work with handsome bow of any color desired to suit individual taste.

Cross ends at back and tie in front. This hood makes up very prettily, and, considering the small amount of time necessary to knit it, is certainly well worth the effort.

Simple Drawnwork.

This is an especially desirable pattern for handkerchiefs, babies' dresses, tie-ends, etc., etc., being quickly worked and durable. Leave double the width at the edge which is re-



SIMPLE DRAWNWORK BORDER.

quired for the hem, which will, of course, be only half the width when folded over. Draw $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, leave $\frac{1}{8}$, and again draw $\frac{3}{8}$ inch. Turn and fold your hem, and hemstitch or knot the edge in strands of 6 or 8 inches each. Work across the $\frac{1}{8}$ inch bar between the drawn spaces, taking the needle under a strand in the first drawn space passing over the bar, take under next strand in 2nd drawn space,

across and under next bar in 1st drawn space, and so on. Knot the inner edge of the 2nd space like the outer edge of the 1st.

Now, beginning $\frac{1}{8}$ inch from the outer edge of 1st space, knot 2 strands together, pass up the 2nd strand $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, then knot 2 and 3d strands together, pass down 3d strand $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, knot 3d and 4th strands together and so continue. Work the 2d space in same way.

I hope all will like this. It is my favorite design in drawnwork, because so simple and easy.

Knitted Edge.

Cast on 22 stitches, knit across plain.

1st Row.—Skip 1, knit 1 (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 4, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 1, over, knit 3 together.

2d Row.—Slip 1, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 11, 3rd Row.—Skip 1, knit 9, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 5, over, knit 1.

4th Row.—Slip 1, over, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 9.

5th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1 (over, narrow) 3 times, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 9, over, knit 1.

6th Row.—Narrow, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 10.

7th Row.—Slip 1, knit 10, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow.

8th Row.—Narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 12.

9th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1 (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 2, over, knit 3 together, over, narrow.

10th Row.—Narrow, over, knit 1, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 14.

11th Row.—Slip 1, knit 11, narrow, over, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 1, over, knit 3 together. Repeat from second row till long enough.

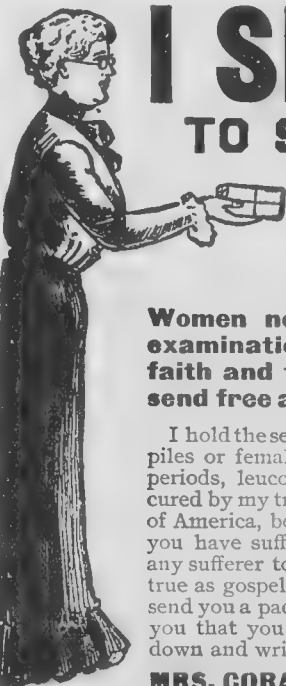
A Dainty Mat.

The border of the pretty little mat illustrated is made of shaded pink and white luster cotton.

Make a chain of ten stitches and join into a ring, ch. 1, tight d. c. over the ring, then a loose d. c., a tight treble, a loose treble and a d. d. (thread over three times.) This brings you to the center of the leaf. Now a loose treble, a tight treble, a loose d. c., a tight d. c. an s. c. over the ring. This finishes one leaf.

If more leaves are desired increase two stitches on the chain for each leaf to be added. The mat is about six inches in diameter. Larger ones can be made by adding more flowers.

Why suffer with female disease or piles? I will send free to every sufferer my simple vegetable cure. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 2057, Kokomo, Ind.



I SEND IT FREE TO SUFFERING WOMEN

A Wonderful Medical Discovery that Cures Women of Female Diseases and Piles, Sent FREE.

Women no longer need submit to embarrassing examinations and big doctor bills. To show good faith and to prove to you that I can cure you I will send free a package of my remedy to every sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which rarely fails to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment. I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, believing that it will effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed. I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is as true as gospel. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a package of this discovery absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. Do not suffer another day but just sit down and write me for it now.

MRS. CORA B. MILLER, - Box 2057 KOKOMO, IND.



Secret of Good

Bread

Is Good Flour

The inexperienced housewife can have the very best aid in making the finest Bread by using

PURITY FLOUR

Made in the most modern mills in the world from nothing but the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat. It yields the largest amount of nutriment and is the most economical and healthful.

Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich and Brandon

DO YOU SKATE ?

The winter is approaching and soon the rinks will be in full swing.

A good Boot is a necessity if you want to enjoy skating, so communicate at once with

The RICHARDS SHOE Co.

439 LOGAN AVENUE, Winnipeg,

and get a pair of skating boots before the rush comes.

We are the oldest established boot company in the city and for 30 years have supplied all the leading skating clubs. Mail orders promptly attended to.

All our Boots are hand-sewn throughout.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

MELCHERS

RED CROSS

Canadian Gin

"Tickles the palate and agrees with the Stomach."

Superior to imported Gin because it's old

Distilled exclusively with the finest grains.

The Only Gin . . .
which is fully matured for years in bonded warehouses and bottled under government supervision.

The Only Gin . . .
having its age and quality guaranteed on every bottle by an official government stamp.

Melchers Red Cross
IS THE FINEST TYPE OF PURE, WELL MATURED GIN.

It has a delicate flavor, and an agreeable mellow taste.

Highly recommended by physicians because it's Old and Pure.

BOIVIN, WILSON & Co.,
520 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Canada
Distributing Agents.



WHITE STAR BRAND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE BEST

THE BEST WHITE STAR BRAND IS A GUARANTEE THAT THE GOODS ARE THE BEST



HOME STUDY

IS BRINGING wonderful opportunities to thousands of our young people who cannot get away to attend College. Perfect plans for giving lessons in any of the following subjects have been completed by us as a result of long experience in Correspondence work and we can guarantee splendid results. Why not improve spare time and enjoy the power and pleasure which a broad education brings? Write and tell us just what you need and let us tell you of our plans to help you, or clip out the following list and mark the subjects you would like to grow strong in and send to us. We will then make the way plain and easy for you to win out.

Higher Accounting	Cartooning	Euclid
Chartered Accountancy	Lettering	Trigonometry
Commercial Specialists	Caricaturing	English Literature
Business Letter Writing and Follow-up Systems	Journalism	English Composition
Arithmetic (Commercial)	Newspaper Reporting	English Grammar
Business Practice	Newspaper Editing	Commercial French
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Bookkeeping	Novel Writing	French
Stenography	Physical Culture	German
Typewriting	Photography	Latin
Shorthand	Newspaper Sketching	Greek
Elementary English	Figure Drawing	History (Ancient and Modern)
Penmanship	Commercial Design	Geography
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Advertisement Writing	Matriculation (any Univ.)	Chemistry
Illustrating	Teachers' Exams (any Grade)	Zoology
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	Algebra	

ADDRESS

The Shaw Correspondence School

393 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. H. SHAW, President,

C. W. CHANT, Sec.

Hints for the Housewife.

The Turkey Crop.

Along about this time
Of year we hear much talk
About the well-filled barns
And fodder in the shock.
But there's one subject which
All seem inclined to shirk,
For no one talks about
The status of the turk.

We get statistics on
The crops of grain and hay,
And all the varied fruits
That yearly come our way.
But for some reason all
Their information stops
Just when we think we'll learn
About the turkey crop.

How is the turkey crop?
That's the what we want to know.
Will it supply demands
Or make a measly show?
Will turks be cheap or dear?
Will they be thin or fat?
That sort of knowledge we
Are trying to get at.

Thanksgiving Day draws near,
The famous feasting time
When we desire to sink
Our teeth in turkey prime.
And dreadful grows suspense
When there is nothing heard,
About that chance we'll have
To roast and eat the bird.

We can't imagine why
Such knowledge is denied
When interest most keen
Is shown on every side.
And, therefore, just before
We let the subject drop,
Again we plainly ask:
How is the turkey crop?

An Excellent Method in Cleaning Willow Furniture.

A reader of the Western Home Monthly and a young housekeeper desires to know the very best way to clean her willow furniture. She says she has only a few pieces, yet they are handsome and need cleaning, as the winter's coal dust, grime and soil have penetrated into the wickerwork. It is not a difficult task to brighten up and clean willow furniture and yet upholsterers' charges astonish us.

One can save considerably by learning to do this work at home. First, you must dust each piece carefully and see to it that all dust and soil is removed. You cannot remove the dust and soil by merely washing it or wiping it off with a damp cloth. You must scrub it with a stiff brush. Do not use soap upon it, as it seems to yellow the straw and willow.

The Toilet.

If one's hands are inclined to perspire, it is well to lay the wet gloves in a sheet of tissue paper and then put them under a heavy book or weight for several hours. When they are taken out they will be soft and pliable again.

The ugliest nails can be improved by taking the trouble daily to push back the hard skin that grows at the base of the nails. This should be done after the hands have been washed in warm soap and water and are still moist. A soft towel is the best thing to use for the purpose, or an ivory or bone implement such as is sold in manicure sets.

Curling Lotion may be made by mixing three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic mucilage, three-quarters of an ounce of glycerine, three-quarters of an ounce of carbonate of potash, one pint of rose water and three ounces of Portugal extract. The carbonate must be dissolved in the rose water, the glycerine and the extracts mixed and shaken, the mucilage added. Shake all the ingredients and let it stand for a week.

Home-made Cold Cream. — Many people prefer to make their own cold cream at home, which admits of the use of a favorite perfume in the mixing. Following is a good, plain cold cream, to which may be added any one of a number of perfumed waters

in place of the rose water called for in the recipe. Half a drachm of tincture of benzoin may also be added, if liked. This will keep the cold cream from becoming rancid, besides adding to its whitening properties. Two ounces of rosewater, two ounces almond oil, one-half ounce spermacetti, one-half ounce white wax. Melt the wax and oils in a double boiler slowly. Pour into an earthen basin, stir with a clean wooden stick until creamy, adding the perfumed water drop by drop, as you stir.

Information for the Cook.

Most cooks, young in experience will welcome this information as to the length of time the different vegetables should be cooked:

Bake potatoes from thirty to forty minutes.

Steam potatoes twenty to forty minutes.

Boil potatoes (in their skins) twenty to thirty minutes.

Boiled potatoes (pared), twenty-five to forty-five minutes.

Asparagus, (young), fifteen to thirty minutes.

Beets (young), forty-five minutes.

Corn (green), twelve to twenty minutes.

Cauliflower, twenty to forty minutes.

Cabbage (young), thirty-five to sixty minutes.

Celery, twenty to thirty minutes.

Carrots, one to two hours.

Lima or shell beans, forty-five minutes to one and a quarter hours.

Onions, thirty to sixty minutes.

Oyster plant, forty-five to sixty minutes.

Peas, twenty to sixty minutes.

Parsnips (young), thirty to forty-five minutes.

Spinach, twenty to sixty minutes.

String beans, thirty to sixty minutes.

Summer squash, twenty to sixty minutes.

Turnips (young), forty-five to sixty minutes.

Tomatoes, forty-five to sixty minutes.

For Keeping Eggs.

To every three gallons of water add one pound of fresh slacked lime, and half a pint of salt. Have it well dissolved. Drop in your eggs one at a time, but be careful not to crack them. If you wish to keep them one or two years you can do so; but you must use them as soon as taken out, or they will spoil.

When you put in all you wish, take a thin piece of board and put on top, and on that put a little salt and lime that the top may be as strong as the bottom. If these are kept at sea and in different climates, why not keep on land and in a cool cellar? Should you wish to keep to transport, dissolve sufficient gum shellac in alcohol to make a thin varnish, then, after giving each egg a coat, pack them in bran or sawdust. When wanted wash off the varnish, and they are ready to be cooked.

Never use soap in washing silk stockings. Brant in water is the proper fluid to use—four tablespoonfuls to a quart of water. Rinse in several clear waters, pressing the water out. Dry stockings in the sun.

To Prevent is Better than to Repent.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper times and with the directions adhered to, often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Boys and Girls.

The Girl Child.

Course we'd figgered on a boy-child, same as people always does—Baby-girls is jest th' uselessest they is er ever was. Helpless when they're kids an' helpless when they're middle-aged er old—All the family turns pectorator fer th' ewe-lambs of the fold. Dassen't ever pop th' question, even though she's lost in love; Has t' set an' wait till some man labels 'er his turtle-dove. Yit it wan't a boy, by gracious! when it come, th' other day, But we've kind o' got a notion that we'll keep it any way.

Course 'twas dreadful disapp'intin' that it couldn't bin a boy, An' th' tears we shed er swallowed wa'n't no sparklin' tears o' joy; But she's jest so small an' cunnin', an' she 'snuggles up so sweet, With 'er fists like velvet rosebuds an' 'er little wrinkled feet—Clingin' close, jest like th' tendrils of th' mornin' glory vine As it clammers up a porch-post on a piece o' cotton twine—Never knowin' she ain't welcome as th' flowers is in May So we've somehow got a notion that we'll keep 'er, any way.

Then, ag'in, I thought o' mother—she was onct a baby-girl. Ain't no tellin' jest which eyester is th' one that hides th' pearl. Who'd a' knowed when she was little that she'd ever be so great, An' would make my dear old daddy sich a stiddy runnin'-mate? Then th' one that lays an' 'snuggles with this bran'-new baby hyer—Would my life be worth th' livin' if it hadn't bin fer her? She was jest as pink an' helpless as this new one is one day; So it's purty easy guessin' that we'll keep her, any way.

The School Visitor.

The Hillside School had begun its fall term. There was a new teacher—a young lady with a bright face and pleasant voice.

"Now, children," said the teacher one day, "I think the school visitor may be here to-morrow or the next day." The children all promised to behave well. They did not like to hear that the visitor was coming. He was very tall, very grave, and very strict and they were afraid of him.

The next day this tall, stern gentleman said to himself: "I will visit the Hillside School today."

He went to the door; the wind was sharp and chilly, so he turned back and said: "Wife, can you tell me where my overcoat is?"

"Yes; it hangs in the barn chamber; it has been there all summer," she replied.

Dr. Bray put on his coat and walked away to the school-house.

Teacher placed a chair for him on the platform. Just as he had asked the arithmetic class a puzzling question, one of the girls at the desk gave a little scream. All the others nestled and fidgeted, looking as if they would like to scream too.

The visitor turned and looked at them very sternly indeed. The teacher touched her bell and shook her head at them.

"Please, teacher," squeaked one little voice, "It was a mouse!"

"I hope we may have order in the school-room now," said Dr. Bray, in his deepest tone; and then he gave out his question once more.

Pop! Another mouse! This one ran to the boys' side and two or three of the boys saw where it came from. They nudged each other and clapped their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing aloud.

The teacher touched her bell again and called, "Silence!" She felt very much disturbed that her boys and girls should act so. But, as she glanced toward the visitor to see how he took it, she was obliged to smile herself; for a third mouse jumped out

of the good man's pocket and scampered away.

The boys laughed aloud now, and the girls were all confusion.

Dr. Bray arose from his chair, prepared to say something very severe indeed. To do this properly, he put his hands in his pockets and out jumped the last poor, frightened little mouse.

The doctor's overcoat had hung so long in the barn chamber that a mother mouse had made her snug nest in one of the pockets, and now her little ones had all come to school with the visitor.

The visitor had a broad smile on his face now. "I really must beg pardon," he said, "for bringing a pocketful of mice to school."

The teacher gave a ten minutes' recess, and it was a very merry one. Then the scholars came to order and behaved very well indeed; but they did not feel half as much afraid of Dr. Bray after that visit.

A Funny Game.

Here is a funny game to play: Stand facing a girl and say to her, "You can't make the same motion I am going to make."

Then she will say, "Just see if I can't."

Now do this: Put your left hand forward, point the forefinger toward your face and make a circle around your face with it, saying, "I see the full moon."

Next point at each eye and say "Two eyes," then touch your nose, saying, "A nose," then touch your mouth and say, "And a mouth."

Now let your arm fall and tell the girl to do exactly as you did and say what you said.

The point is this: She will be sure to do all the motions with her right hand instead of her left.

And you can promptly say, "No, you didn't do it right." She will then ask you to go through the motions again and very likely will use her right hand again.

But suppose she is left handed? She will naturally use her left hand to get the trick right. So you should tell her, "Well, you can't do it again," and be sure to use your right hand when you show her again. When she tries to do as you did she will most likely use her left hand and you can say, "You're wrong this time."

This trick amuses everybody.

I will send free to every sufferer a simple vegetable remedy that cures all female diseases and piles. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 2057, Kokomo, Ind.



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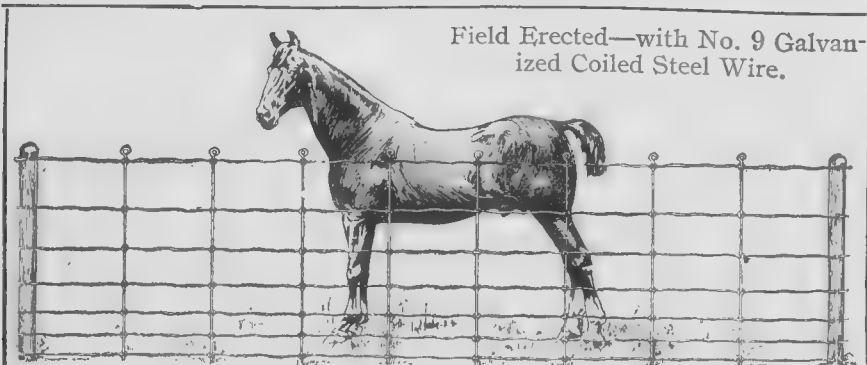
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Woman and the Home.

The Song of Our Mothers.

Sew, sew, sew! For there's many a rent to mend;
There's a stitch to take and a dress to make,
For where do her labors end?
Sew sew sew For a rent in a dress she spies,
Then it's needle and thread and an aching head,
And see how the needle flies.

Brush brush, brush! For there's many a boy to clean,
And start to school with a slate and rule,
With a breakfast to get between.
Comb comb, comb! In the minute she has to spare,
For what is so wild—unreconciled—
As the wastes of a youngster's hair?

Sweep, sweep sweep! Oh, follow the flashing broom,
As with towel bound her forehead round
She goes from room to room.
Dust, dust, dust! As down on her knees she kneels,
For there's much to do in the hour or two
Or intervals 'twixt meals.

Bake, bake, bake! For the cookies jar piled high,
But yesterday, in some curious way Is empty again, oh, my!
Stir, stir, stir! In a froth of yellow and white,
For well she knows how the story goes
Of a small boy's appetite.

Scrub, scrub, scrub! For the floor that was spick and span,
Alas, alack! has a muddy track
Where some thoughtless youngster ran.
Splash, splash, splash! For the dishes of thrice a day,
Are piled up high to wash and dry
And put on their shelves away.

Patch patch patch! And oh for a pantaloons
That would not tear, or rip or wear
In the course of an afternoon!
Patch, patch, patch! And see how the needle flies,
For a mother knows how the fabric goes
Where the seat of trouble lies.
Toil, toil toil! For when do her labors end,
With a dress to make and a cake to bake
And dresses and hose to mend.
Stew, stew, stew! Fret and worry and fuss,
And who of us knows of the frets and woes
In the days when she mothered us?
—J. W. Foley.

A Wise Mother Says

That we should keep up a standard of principles, for our children are watchful judges.

That what are trifles to us are often mountains to our children; and that we should respect their feelings.

That we should bear in mind that we are largely responsible for our children's faults, and be patient with them.

That if you say "NO" you should mean "NO." Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold it.

That we should take an interest in our children's amusements, for mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

That we should be honest with the children in small things as well as great, and if we cannot tell them what they wish to know, we should say so, rather than to deceive them.

That we should interest our boys and girls in physiology, and when they are sick, try to make them comprehend how the complaint arose, and how it may be avoided in the future.

That many a child goes astray not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because the home lacks sunshine; that a child needs smiles as much as flowers need the sunbeams.

That as long as it is possible we should kiss the children good-night after they are in bed. They will enjoy it, even after they profess to

having outgrown it, and it will keep them close and loving.

That children look little beyond the present moment. That if a thing pleases they are quick to see it; that if home is a place where faces are sour, and words are harsh and fault-finding they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

Baby's Clothing.

The essential things in clothing an infant are that the chest and limbs shall be protected with soft flannels, care being taken to give baby plenty of room for freedom of motion. The abdomen should be supported by a broad flannel band, adjusted snugly, but not too tight. It is important that baby's clothes should fit the body. If it is too tight it interferes with the free movement of the chest in breathing, and by pressing on the stomach sometimes causes vomiting soon after taking food. Again, if it is too loose it wrinkles into deep folds, and bunches and causes much discomfort. It is best to fasten all bands to hold them into position, but if safety pins are used they should be very small and placed in such a way that baby can not feel them press into his flesh. The flannel bands should be worn until baby is about four months old, in order to support the abdominal walls properly, thereby preventing the occurrence of rupture. After this time the flannel band may be replaced by a knitted cotton and wool or silk and wool band with shoulder straps which should be worn up to eighteen months. If the child is delicate or subject to diarrhoea it is advisable to continue its use until the third year.

In summer the thinnest gauze flannel shirts should be worn. Changes in temperature may be met by changes in the outer garments. Should baby be troubled by prickly heat, which is caused by excessive perspiration and the irritation of flannel underclothing, it is well to make a fine linen or muslin shirt to be worn under the flannel during the very hot spell.

Next to the shirt put a fine wool petticoat with thin cotton band, which should be supported by shoulder straps, and a little white slip for the "every day dress." Cotton stockings are pinned to the cotton birds-eye diaper, and if the weather is cold, little booties may be worn.

The clothing should all be changed at night, the baby wearing the same amount of underclothes and a flannel outing night dress. In very warm weather the skirt may be left off and a cambric night dress substituted.

The Simple Life.

The idea of "the simple life" has taken a strong hold on the mind of the general public.

Examples of extravagant living have become so numerous and so conspicuous that there is a general feeling of disgust that life should be so given to the mere gratification of the animal nature that the only desire is to procure the highest obtainable of creature comforts.

All persons of average intelligence, whose development has not been dwarfed in hot-houses of selfish indulgence, have a higher conception of the powers and pleasures of life.

The very wealthy, who give themselves up to lives of idleness and ease, are no longer the envy, but the scorn and laughing stock of their poorer but more ambitious and energetic neighbors.

To be and to do, to live as intelligent, responsible men and women with God-like faculties and powers—this is the higher conception of life.

I cure female diseases and piles. To prove that you can be cured, I will send package medicine free. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 2057, Kokomo, Ind.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Egg Salad.—Slice one dozen hard-boiled eggs, add one dozen small onions chopped fine, season with salt and pepper and cover with salad dressing.

Love Apple Salad.—Wipe perfect tomatoes and begin at the blossom end to cut into petals toward the stem end, pressing carefully; open so as to leave the seeds in a ball of pulp. Pour over each a spoonful of mayonnaise and serve.

Codfish Puff.—Make the mixture as for codfish balls. Add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, folding these in lightly. Butter a stoneware platter, spread the puff upon it and bake in a hot oven till well puffed and brown. Or cook in a buttered frying-pan till a brown crust has formed, then fold like an omelet.

Browned Rice.—Spread a cupful of rice on a shallow baking tin and put into a moderately hot oven to brown. It will need to be stirred frequently. Each rice kernel when sufficiently browned should be of a yellowish brown, about the color of ripe wheat. Cook in boiling water. Serve with fruit juice or cream.

Sliced Apple Pie.—Cut the apples into thin, uneven slices and fill the plates after the bottom crust is in. If the apples are quite sour use two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg and two spoonfuls of water. It is improved by using the butter as in the peach pie. Cover with crust, cut larger than plate and tucked in under the bottom crust. Always prick holes in an upper crust. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

Parsnip Croquettes.—Scrape and wash five medium-sized parsnips; cut into oblong pieces, place in boiling water and boil till tender. When done mash and salt to taste, add a tablespoonful of butter. Make them into oval balls the size of an egg and a half-an-inch thick. Fry in a little butter to a nice brown and serve hot.

Stuffed Apples.—Select large sour apples and core but do not peel them. Chop some cold meat of any kind very fine and season very highly with salt and pepper and a pinch of summer savory or other sweet herb, or if chicken is used, season with celery salt. Fill the apples with the meat, put a dot of butter on each, and bake.

Creole Succotash.—Take six tomatoes, peel and cut up, six pods of okra washed and sliced thin, and boil in a little water. Score the corn from six ears of sugar corn and a dozen pods of string beans cut fine, add to the tomatoes and boil until done. Add seasoning and a chopped sweet pepper when half done. Serve with toasted bread.

Veal Ragout.—Chop remnants of cold veal, rub a tablespoonful of butter into one of browned flour, mix this with a cupful of stock, and stir until boiling hot in a saucepan. Chop about a cupful of mushrooms, add these and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup to the stock. Salt and pepper to taste, put in the veal, and stew gently ten minutes.

Pear Chips.—To ten pounds of pears allow five pounds of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of Canton or green ginger and five lemons. Core and peel the pears, and then cut them in small pieces, mix with them the sugar and ginger and leave over night. The next morning wash and dry the lemons, cut them in pieces, and take out the seeds. Cook the mixture very slowly for three hours.

Chicken Cream Soup.—An old chicken for soup is much the best. Cut it up into quarters, put it into a soup-kettle with half a pound of corned ham and an onion; add four quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to a gentle boil, and keep this up till the liquid has diminished one-third and the meat drops from the bones; then add half a cupful of rice. Season with salt, pepper and a bunch of chopped parsley.

Olive Oil Pickles.—Fifty small cucumbers, sliced thin without peeling; let stand three hours in one-third sack of table salt, then drain well and mix with two pints small onions, sliced thin, one and one-half ounces of white pepper, one half-ounce of white mustard-seed, two-thirds of an ounce of celery-seed, and one-half pint of salad oil. Cover with cold cider vinegar. These will keep well if not air-tight.

New England Salad.—Chop together enough cold boiled beets and carrots to make a pint. With a fork mix in one-half cupful of thick cream, to which has been added one tablespoonful of vinegar. Serve with little balls of cottage cheese.

Pineapple Snow.—One can of chopped pineapple, one-half box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of cold water; add juice of pineapple and let come to boil. Two cupfuls of sugar and juice of two lemons beaten until light. Pour hot gelatine over mixture and stir well, then add pineapple. Put in cold place and let it stand until it thickens a little; then add whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Beat ten minutes, mould and serve with whipped cream.

Tomato Marmalade.—Pare four quarts of ripe tomatoes. Cut six lemons in halves lengthwise and then slice them very thin. Seed one cup of raisins. Weigh out four pounds (eight cups) of granulated sugar. Put all the ingredients into a preserving kettle in layers. Heat slowly to the boiling point. Then simmer until the mixture is of the consistency of marmalade. No one flavor should be recognizable. Seal while hot. The recipe makes about 2½ quarts.

Green Grape Pie.—After you have lined your pie plate with the crust, sprinkle over it two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar and also the same amount of flour (or one of cornstarch). Fill with the pulps of green grapes, spread over with two tablespoonfuls of grape jelly. Cover with sugar, about three tablespoonfuls mixed with one tablespoonful of cornstarch, and add two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Cover with an upper crust and bake in a good oven. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.—Pare twelve large cucumbers and take out the pulp. Cut in slices two inches wide and three or four inches long. Sprinkle with salt and let them stand for half-an-hour; rinse and take one pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one-half ounce of whole cloves and one ounce of stick cinnamon; put on to boil, add the cucumbers, cook until tender. Then take them out and put in the cans; boil the liquor for ten minutes and pour over the cucumbers and seal while hot.

Eggplant Eggs.—Select nice firm eggplants and slice and salt a sufficient quantity, allowing it to remain under pressure half an hour. Then wash well from every particle of salt, dry with cheesecloth and chop to a paste. Mix with beaten egg and cornstarch till of such a consistency that it can be moulded. Pepper and salt to taste, roll into "egg" shaped balls and cover with cracker crumbs. Fry a nice golden brown and place in nests of minced parsley. Tomato ketchup makes an acceptable relish served with them.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—One and one-half pounds of sweet potatoes, one pound of sugar, six eggs, three ounces of butter, one wineglassful sherry, one wineglassful of brandy, one-half teaspoonful allspice, one-quarter teaspoonful powdered mace. Boil and mash the potatoes and press through a sieve; while hot stir in the butter and sugar, then the beaten yolks of the eggs; mix in spices, wine and brandy, and lastly the whipped whites of the eggs. Bake forty minutes in a buttered pudding dish. Serve warm, not hot, without sauce.

Tomato Rabbit.—Four medium-sized tomatoes, one cupful of finely chopped cheese, one-third cupful of cream, yolk of one egg, cayenne. Select a soft cheese, preferably cream. Cut the tomatoes in halves, crosswise, and broil over a brisk fire. Keep them hot while making the rabbit. Scald the cream, add the cheese and stir constantly until it melts; draw to the back of the stove, add the yolks lightly beaten and pepper to taste; then pour over the tomatoes and serve at once with dry toast, or fresh crackers.

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About the Farm.

Pastoral.

The farmer sows his crop

And his good wife sews his clothes;

The farmer darns the weather

And his good wife darns his hose.

The farmer pitches in the hay;

But, should he cross her whim,

His good wife lays aside her work

And pitches into him.

Farm Notes.

Coal ashes make a good, cheap walk, and it is about the only thing for which they are good, unless it is for pure mechanical lightening of a stiff clay soil.

It is less work to chink up the holes in the cellar wall with mortar, than it is to tend lamps and lanterns during zero weather in order to keep the things from freezing.

When you want to drive nails into very hard wood, And they will not go smoothly, as proper nails should, Anoint them with grease, then they will not bend double, But go in at once without further trouble.

To save your iron pump from the effects of frost, make a box around it one foot in diameter and fill it with cement concrete—one part Portland cement and two parts clean coarse sand. Stamp it down hard in the box and let the pump stand for forty-eight hours to harden the cement.

The quantity of water required by horses varies more than is the case with any other of our domestic animals. The wisdom of supplying it frequently, especially during hard labor, is realized by nearly every careful horseman. The secret of many a successful feeder is the care with which he supplies water.

Somewhat dark rainy day, about noon, walk along the stables and see where it is darkest; thus you will find out where to put in a window or two. And fix any sagging door. Nail some strips over knot-holes or cracks; and where there are hinges or fasteners off, get out the tool box and repair them.

On some farms the doorways of horse stables are old style and too narrow for a large horse easily and safely to pass through. It is noticeable that some horses will rush through a door-way very quickly. They probably have been hurt sometime or received a knock that is not forgotten. Better put in a wider stable door and show the horse he is not going to be hurt.

On some farms where the men folks hurry considerably, there isn't time to curry milch cows twice a day, or even once; yet to do so means much comfort and an additional flow of milk. The brush and currycomb start up circulation, and remove a lot of dust that is accumulated while standing in stables during winter time. The well groomed cow looks better for it; she is worthy of such care.

Hogs affected with worms in the intestines run down in condition, become very thin and lank, back is arched, eyes dull, refuse feed, walk stiffly, and appear lifeless. The worms may be very numerous, in bad cases completely filling the intestines. The pigs die if not treated. To secure the best results, affected hogs should receive individual treatment. Twenty-four hours before administering treatment very little feed should be given them. Then give the following medicine, as a drench, to each one-hundred-pound hog;

larger or smaller hogs should receive a dose in proportion. Oil of turpentine, four drams; liquor ferri dialysatus, one-half dram; raw linseed oil, six ounces. If necessary, repeat the dose in four days. After worms have been removed, give a tonic to put the pigs in condition.

When farmers go to breed their mares, there is, as a rule, far too little care taken in the selection of a sire. It will not pay to breed to a stallion just because he is a good animal, unless he will mate with the mare's nature so as to produce a colt for a special purpose. Many farmers breed all their mares, which may be of widely differing types, to the same stallion, and often he is one that is selected because he is cheap or convenient. Every mare should be mated with the idea of producing a colt of some definite type,—roadster, carriage horse, draft horse, general farm horse,—anything, in fact, for which there is a special use and a steady demand. Such horses always bring good prices, while there are always too many that are really not suited to anything in particular. A difference of a few dollars in a service fee may make ten times the difference in the price of a colt. Above all things, be sure the stallion has vigor and stamina.

Dairy Barn Temperature.

The stable ought to be kept at as nearly uniform temperature as possible, because sudden changes in temperature stop the flow of milk. The stable never ought to get down as low as freezing. Probably 40 to 50 degrees is as good a temperature as one can keep a dairy barn.

The dairy barn should be well lighted. A cow giving a good flow of milk can not be kept in the pink of condition unless she has plenty of sunlight. With dry cows, where they are turned out every morning and allowed to remain out the greater part of the day, the question of a well lighted stable is not so important. But where cows must necessarily remain in the stable the greater part of the time, then the question of light is an important one. A dairy stable ought to be as light as the living rooms in a house. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for the health of the cows. There is little danger of getting too many windows in a dairy barn, and there is great danger of not having enough.

Then the dairy barn must be well ventilated. Cows giving a maximum flow of milk must not only have a good liberal ration of food and plenty of pure water, but they must also have plenty of fresh air. In mild weather the question of ventilation is not so important because doors and windows can be left open to supply this fresh air, but when bitter cold weather comes, when the mercury is down in the neighborhood of zero, then comes the trying time in a dairy barn. We need the fresh air just as much then as in mild weather, but at the same time we must not allow the temperature of the stable to get down too low. During this cold weather it is impossible to ventilate the stable by doors and windows or by hay chutes opening from above and at the same time keep the barn warm enough so that the dairy cow will be comfortable. During this weather is where the King system of ventilation pays for its cost many times over to the dairyman with a herd of good cows. By this system we can maintain the temperature and supply fresh air.

The dairy barn must also be kept clean and the cows must be kept clean in order to produce clean and wholesome milk. Cows that are reeking in filth and stables that are not properly cleaned are an unsanitary condition, and the production of

clean, wholesome milk under such conditions is absolutely impossible. Some system of stall equipment should be provided which will compel the cow to keep reasonably clean. The model stall or some other modern device ought to be in every stable, so that the cows can be kept reasonably clean without too much labor.

About Mortgage Lifters.

If pigs begin to show an out-of-condition appearance, don't think of medicine the first thing. See if some mistake in feeding or care cannot be discovered, and if it is, correct it.

Cause the pigs to fear you not, especially those intended for brood sows; they should be assured that their keeper is a kind, considerate friend. Even a hog appreciates such a friend.

The more feed the acre produces the lower the cost of maturing the live stock, and without necessarily decreasing the market price of the stock. The prolific acre makes its influence felt in many ways.

When pigs are getting succulent food, exercise, sleep in clean, grassy beds, and have fresh, pure air, there is but little complaint about disease. The nearer these conditions the less disease there will be in winter.

The two-litters-a-year system hastens the weaning of the litters, bringing that event when the pigs are in the most critical stage of their development. It requires no little experience and skill to prevent prematurely weaned pigs getting a back-set that it may take the profit on the second litter to make good.

The spring pigs that are on red clover or alfalfa pasture are now making pork at the minimum cost. If on grass pasture, light, supplemental feeding of ground grain or millstuff of some kind is advised.

Poultry Pointers.

Light and pure air prevent disease and promote productiveness.

One thing should not be forgot. Send surplus cockerels and old hens to pot.

Give hens good care, and it goes without saying that they will play fair, and keep on laying.

Winter eggs make poultry profitable. Don't delay arranging for the comfort of the hens.

A scrub hen is not worth much, but she is as good as any for the man who will not give his flock good care.

Plenty of grit and plenty of pure water are just as essential to egg production as good houses, and the right kind of food.

This is a good time to buy that pure bred male, or that breeding pen of fine fowls. Breeders will sell a little cheaper now than they will a little later.

Missouri poultry keepers sold \$31,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs last year. It is estimated that only two-fifths of the product went to the market. If this is true Missouri produced \$77,500,000 worth of poultry and eggs last year.

Don't shut the fowls in the houses until the ground is covered with snow or until the temperature is well below freezing. The cold will not hurt them unless they roost in a draft.

Make sure that both fowls and chicks are not lousy. If they have not been frequently treated during the summer to kill these pests, it is more than likely that they need it badly now. Fowls that are lousy consume more food and produce fewer eggs than those that are free from the irritating vermin.

Save some of the second quality cabbages to feed during the winter

when no green food can be obtained by the fowls. This will vary their ration and improve their health. The small potatoes, turnips, beets and other vegetables, which have no particular selling value, should be saved and served cooked, with the mash during the winter.

Whitewash the interior of the fowl house; it will make it lighter and cleaner, and if a little carbolic acid is added before the wash is applied it will also assist to rid the house of vermin.

A flock of fifty fowls can be fed for very little if the most is made of the scraps and waste food material from the house and barn. Occasionally we hear of farm flocks that are fed by farmers' wives for a cash outlay of less than sixty cents a head per year. On that basis almost any hen, however carelessly bred, would pay a good profit.

It may be suggested that farmers' wives have more than they can do without doing any work outside of their houses. That is too true in many cases, but the verdict of those women who are interested in poultry work is that the open-air exercise obtained when caring for the fowls gives them new life and makes the house work less arduous.

To Clean Harness.

It seems like quite an undertaking to clean harness, and it cannot be done in a few minutes, but if one knows just how to go about it, it is not an unpleasant task. It must first be taken to pieces, every strap unbuckled, and if an amateur is doing the work, he should pay particular attention to the peculiar way in which back-straps and check-rein are buckled.

If the harness is dry and stiff, give it a good soaking in warm water, using white castile soap and a brush to clean off the dirt. Hang it up to drain, and before quite dry, apply neat's-foot oil with a paint brush. Let it dry till the next day. Then, if the harness still seems hard, apply another coat of oil. When the oil has soaked in, soap it all over with white castile soap, having sponge or rag moistened and very soapy. After this treatment, an occasional soaping will keep the harness in order for a long time. Before the harness is put together, any broken places should be mended. Use a needle and put shoemaker's wax on the thread. An awl is necessary in some places.



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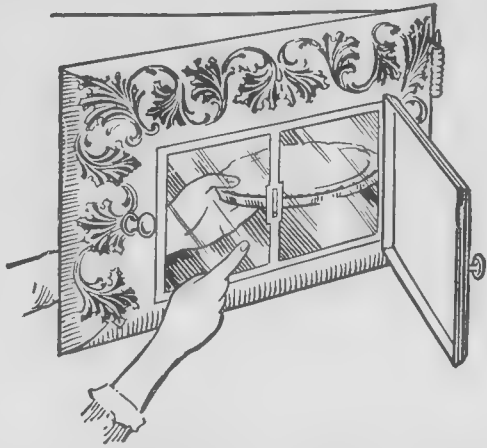
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In Lighter vein.

Fish Stories.

MR. BLACK.

White and I went out for trout about a week ago—
White's catch wasn't very heavy—mine was great, you know.
One I hooked—a fine two-pounder—nearly got away.
Here's a picture of the beauty, taken yesterday.
White was pretty sore, I reckon, at my streak of luck,
Said I was the luckiest fisher he had ever struck.
Guess I'll go again next week if I can spare the time;
Last week's trip was elegant—the weather was sublime.

MR. WHITE.

Black and I went out for trout about a week ago.
I was lucky from the jump; Black didn't stand a show.
Sixteen speckled beauties, sixteen! Isn't that a few?
Poor old Black, he tramped all day and only landed two.
Here's a picture of a corker; two pounds flat he weighed,
Thought that I would lose him, though; a rattling fight he made.
Black and I went out for trout about a week ago.
I was lucky from the jump; Black didn't stand a show.

THE URCHIN.

Two swell guys came out for trout about a week ago,
All their tackle it was great, and gee! dey had the dough.
See this paper dollar; well, dem fellers gave me two
Jes' for givin' dem some trout I caught in Mason's slough.
One of dem was mighty fresh; he called me "little brat."
Jes' de same I got his dough, so let it go at dat.
Two swell guys came out for trout about a week ago.
All their tackle it was great, and gee! dey had the dough.

Some Dog Tales.

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends. "He was taught to say his prayers, and if you'll believe me, that dog now wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him."

"I have a dog with even more intelligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can to his tail, and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed right up to the bar."

A Teacher's Joys.

A Brandon school teacher tells this story:

"Last week I was teaching a spelling lesson to a class of little second-graders. The word 'each' occurred, was written on the board, and from it I expected to derive 'peach', 'reach', 'teach', etc. Pointing to the word, I said, 'Can any child give me a sentence using 'each'?'"

"A hand was unhesitatingly thrust up and a little German girl replied, 'Does your back each?'"

Dawn Refused to Appear.

Business had not been good at the Thespian temple of a Midland town, and various tradesmen were pressing the management for payment. As a last appeal to an unappreciative public a play, "For Honor and for England," was put on. One scene was played in semi-darkness. The hero, sitting in a log hut, was waiting for daybreak, destined to bring him deliverance from his woes or disaster.

"The dawn at last!" he exclaimed. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" he repeated in louder tones, annoyed that the cue to turn up the footlights had not been

noticed. Still the darkness continued. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak, I say!" he roared.

"Well, guv'nor," came in clear tones from the gasman at the wings, "I reckon you'd better git along without Phoebus. They've cut the blessed gas off!"

Answering the Farmer's Question.

By invitation, I made a speech not long ago at a farmer's barbecue in a neighboring county, and I spread myself in encouraging our people to keep up with the age, and pictured the innocence and honesty and independence of a farmer's life in multitudinous language. I was cheered and congratulated, of course, and when I got through, an old grizzly fellow came up, with brass-bound spectacles, and says he to me, "My friend, you talk mighty well; you talk like a lawyer; but I would like to know if you can tell me what kind of a calf makes the best milch cow?"

"A heifer calf," said I, and the crowd just yelled.

I got the grin on the old man, and so says, "Let me ask you a question, and you may ask me another and the man who can't answer his own question must treat to cigars."

"All right," says he. "Now go ahead."

Said I, "How does a ground-squirrel dig his hole without leaving any dirt around the top?"

He studied a while and then gave up, and, in a triumphant tone, called on me to answer.

"Why, said I, 'he begins at the bottom.'"

"Well, but how does he get to the bottom?" said the old man, as though he had me.

"I don't know," said I: "I never did know; and, as it is your question, you must answer or pay."

The crowd yelled again, and the old man bought the cigars.

Misplaced Confidence.

A little girl came in from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll nevur, nevur speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live."

"Why, dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my samples from her, and every one of 'em was wrong."

The Easier Way.

At Taylor's Cross Roads, in the mountains of Tennessee, I asked an old mountaineer how to get to Beaver Cove, and after looking me over he drawled in reply:

"Want to go to the Cove on account of the camp meetin'?"

"Yes. I heard there was one going on there."

"So thar be, stranger. It's eight miles from yere and over a mighty bad road."

"But I can make it this afternoon?"

"Oh, sartin, but I kin tell you how to save all that trouble. The Lises will be thar—five of 'em—and they are great hands to shoot. I'll git my gun and be a Lisle. The Moshers will also be thar—six of 'em—and they are great hands to shoot. I'll call my son Ike from the co'nfield and let him be the Moshers."

"Yes, and then?"

"An' then we'll both begin shootin'. We'll shoot at each other over your head and past your feet and under your arms, and we'll whoop and yell and shout, and you kin imagine three or four dead men lyin' around, and when it's all over, I reckon, unless you are a more hardened sinner than what I take you to be, you'll make up your mind to stop yere for a day or two and let other folks run that camp meetin'."

Sandy's Eleventh Commandment.

Bishop Brooks was at one time interested in Sandy McKenzie, a well-known character in and about Boston. Sandy was a pretty good fellow, but not much of a churchman.

One day the Bishop was taking him to task for playing cards and becoming intoxicated on Sunday.

"I am afraid, Sandy," he said, "you don't know much about the Ten Commandments."

"What's Ten Commandments?" asked Sandy.

The Bishop explained.

"Oh, aye nay, I dinna ken aught about the Ten Commandments," said Sandy, "but I ken the Eleventh Commandment richt weel."

"The Eleventh Commandment," said the mystified Bishop. "Why, Sandy, there is no Eleventh Commandment."

"Oh, aye," said the imperturbable Scotchman.

The Bishop, becoming rather curious, asked: "Well, Sandy, and what is the Eleventh Commandment?"

"The Eleventh Commandment, ye ken," said Sandy, "is for ivery mon to mind his ain business."

A Stubborn Eclair.

An amusing story is told of a New York man growing out of his extreme near-sightedness.

No Reason for Delay.

Author—I have a clause in my will ordering my executor to burn all my manuscripts.

Cynical Friend—Why put it off so long?

On Top.

Church—Do you think the times are improving?

Gotham—Well, I don't know. I notice that the largest strawberries are in the same relative position in the boxes.

Dangerous.

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps so, ma'am; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know that it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam, if you will state your wants."

"Don't they know you might poison someone?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"I think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it don't look right."



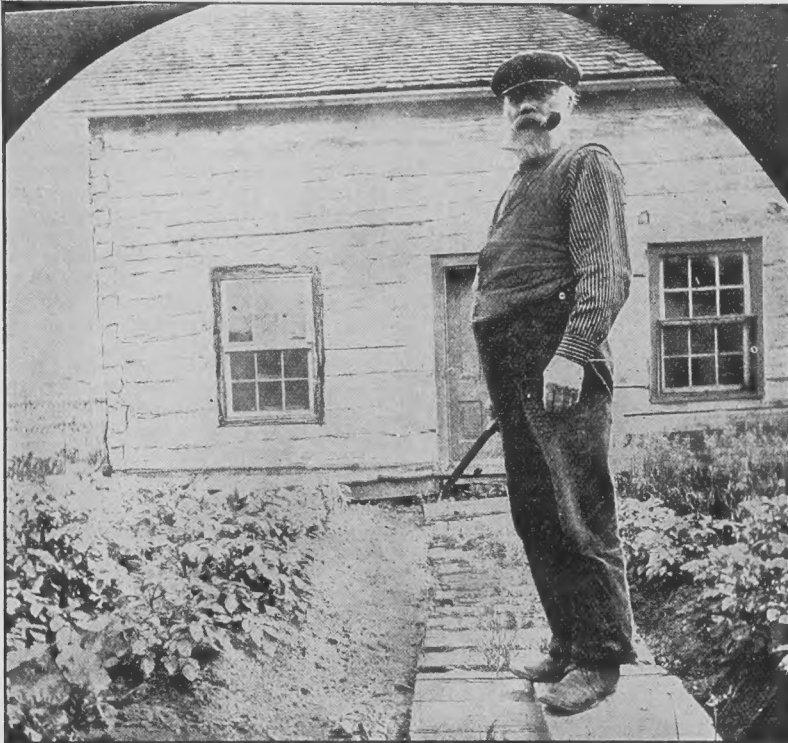
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"A PROSPECTOR"

Strawberry culture forms a pleasant interlude in the search for gold mines in the Lake of the Woods country.

The New Yorker, in company with friends, was dining at a hotel in Florida. At dessert the near-sighted man had considerable difficulty in removing from the plate, passed him by the colored waiter, what he took to be a chocolate éclair. The New Yorker thrust his fork under it and tried again and again to pry it from the plate, but without success.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that his friends were convulsed with laughter, which much surprised him, for he saw nothing particularly humorous in the situation. This surprise was turned to astonishment when the darky servitor remarked in an apologetic way:

"I beg yo' pardon, sah, but dat's my thumb."

A Last Request.

"Will you grant me one last favor before I go?" asked the rejected suitor.

"Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, please. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want you to scare him away."

Too Much for Him.

The inspector in the English school asked the boys of the school he was examining:

"Can you take your warm overcoat off?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was silence for a while and then a little boy spoke up:

"Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

No Wool Over His Eyes.

Uncle Abe, a grizzled old negro, visited a zoological garden. He stood fascinated before a cage containing a chimpanzee, and could not be induced to move. After a while the animal came to the front of the cage, and Uncle Abe spoke to him.

"Howdy?" he said; "howdy?"

The chimpanzee not making any response, Uncle Abe chuckled and winked at him knowingly.

"Dat's right, dat de way ter do! Doan you nebber 'gin ter talk. Ef you does, white man put er hoe in yer han', en meck yer wuk!" he said.

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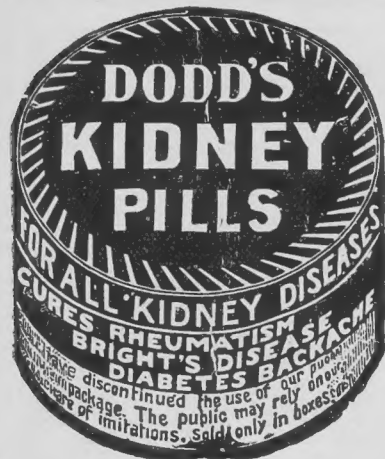
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VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Autumn.

Birds are flocking close together
In this balmy autumn weather,
Getting for the flight
From rude boreas dressed in white.

Tell me, who controls the host,
Guiding to the distant coast,
How they float o'er broad lagoon,
Entertain each afternoon.

No frosty breath from icy lip,
Chilling, glancing, shining tip,
Gathered under sunny dome,
Chanting winter's welcome home.

Uncle George's Philosophy.

No, Cordelia, the companionway of a steamer isn't necessarily a lover's walk.

When a girl begins to encourage a young man to save money she means business.

Rather than perjure themselves, some men refuse to swear off drinking.

It sometimes happens that a handsome woman hasn't brains enough to be pretty.

When a couple love at first sight they imagine the rest of the world is near-sighted.

Bees' Love of Color.

The inquisitive modern investigator has been prying into the secrets of the little bee. His curiosity has been rewarded by the discovery that it is the bright color of the flower and not the presence of the nectar that attracts the honey-gatherer. In fact, it is quite possible to coax the bee away from dull-colored flowers of nature by artificial flowers of brilliant hues.

As far as nature's flowers are concerned those of the brighter hues always receive more attention than those of subdued shades. Moreover, the belief that the perfume of flowers attracts bees has also been exploded. It is believed that the attraction exercised by the form and color of flowers is approximately four times as great as that exercised by perfume, pollen and nectar taken together.

Captive Giraffes.

I never see a captive giraffe munching his bunch of hay, the mainstay of his life wherever he is a prisoner, without wondering how he can eat such strange food.

No one in Africa ever saw a giraffe eat grass, either dried or in its green condition. They do not bend their necks to the earth to get food as they are often compelled to do in captivity.

The food of the giraffe in his native home consists almost entirely of the leaves and tender twigs of various kinds of acacia. There are some 400 varieties of this plant. Many of them exude gums, resembling caoutchonic, and no animal could eat their foliage, but the leaves and twigs of other kinds make good provender for several species of animals.

The giraffe is among them; and, though I have seen him eat the leaves of other shrubs and trees, he seems to prefer these kinds of acacia. The natives say that he will wander out into the parched wilderness and remain there for more than a week without a drop of water, the juices of the acacia being a very good substitute.

So the softest and most pulpy and juicy vegetation, without any of the fibrous quality found in most grasses, is what the giraffe craves for and needs. I don't think that his anatomical conditions adapt him for the fodder he is compelled to eat in captivity.

I have said this to the managers of menageries and zoological parks and have told them also, as other men have done, that their giraffes are not

thriving, and the principal reason is that their food is not suitable.

They are poor in flesh, and the vertebrae in their necks are actually revealed through the hides of some specimens in this country. The giraffe in captivity lacks the plumpness, the sleek, fine coat, and the general air of well-being that makes him in Africa the most beautiful creature among all the mammalia.

Rain Sticks and Umbrellas.

From the heavy, cumbrous rain sticks of 1700 to the dainty umbrella of 1906 is a long jump. Each succeeding year finds changes in umbrella styles, usually confined to the handles and upper adornments of the rod. This year's styles have many beautiful fancies, worked out in gold, silver, pearl and ivory. The finest silk spreads over the ribs of these rain shields, and they are stout enough for the use they receive, but would probably give very short service to the New Yorker who rides in the subway twice a day in crowd time.

It is curious to observe what a difference exists between these wire steel and pearl creations of to-day and the first umbrella ever made, that erected, in the literal significance of the word, by Jonas Hanway, of London, in the year 1756.

Mr. Hanway detested the cold dripping of London rain, so he set about the making of a rain stick, which, when completed, weighed a good twelve pounds and on its first appearance over the head of the redoubtable Hanway, caused a commotion among the beholders. Over Hanway's head his tentlike arrangement, the cloth of heavy cotton, extended like a great roof, sufficiently spacious to shelter seven people. Its ribs were of heavy whalebone half an inch thick, and braced with bars of wood. It required a man of muscle to accomplish a five mile stroll with that first umbrella.

In a month after its appearance a few others had bravely come forth to defy public opinion and the rain, but it was not until thirty-seven years later that the umbrella was seen on the streets of old New York.

In a modest shop in Philadelphia, the first umbrellas of an American make were turned out in 1793, and New York fashionables of the period might have been seen the same year walking in the rain, delighted with the unwieldy arrangement, which they called a rain stick. Its real recognition as a human necessity was synchronous with the invention of the steel rib in 1810.

From that time forward the umbrella improved in shape and usefulness, though no very radical changes have been made. Its principle is just the

same now as it was a hundred years ago, and occasionally, when a hurrying New Yorker struggles with his rain stick in a pouring rain, he feels a doubt about the superiority of the modern article.—Exchange.

Germany's Dog Policemen.

For some time they have been using dogs to act as policemen in many of the larger cities of Germany. Of course, the dogs were not supposed to act alone, but were introduced in order to help the human policemen; but they have done so well that many of them are practically allowed to patrol on their own hook now.

One of the best of these dogs is a shepherd dog named Harras. Recently a well-known woman disappeared from her house, and Harras was taken to the room in which she had been seen last, and left there until he scratched at the door.

As soon as he was released he hurried to the back door with his nose close to the ground, and so on through the town until he reached a tree by the river. He leaped up at this, trying to climb it and when the police examined the tree they found a piece of the old lady's skirt hanging to a lower limb.

When they brought this down and showed it to Harras, he was satisfied, and immediately continued on to the river. There he waded into the water and howled, and soon the woman's body was found there.

It was plain that she had held to a lower limb of the tree in order to save herself from falling, but that her hold had weakened, and she had tumbled in and then drowned.

Another dog, named Caesar, is used to police the parks, and he has been taught to catch people who break the shrubbery or commit other disorderly acts. He does not bite his prisoners, but seizes them firmly by the arm or leg, and holds on till the human policeman comes to make the arrest. In one week Caesar thus caught seventeen persons.

The police dog Peter found a drunken man who was lying asleep on the rails of the railroad, and pulled him off just in time to escape a train. The same night he found a burglar breaking into a store and leaped on him, barking till help came.

Secrets of Old Roman Bath.

Women used to lose their hairpins a thousand years ago much in the same way as they do to-day. That, at least, is the impression one gets from the antiquities found during the last year at the Silchester excavations.

The most interesting discovery was the building which formed apparently the principal baths of the Roman town. The exploration of the baths yielded a number of architectural fragments, including a small altar, portions of capitals and bases, part of a large basin of Purbeck marble, and some singular pieces of metal.

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10 Cents per Cut

An Amusing Incident.

The most amusing, and at the same time, the most mortifying experience I ever had happened about ten years ago. I was then living in a little country town in North Carolina.

My age was hastening on to spinsterhood with rapid strides. I had been annoyed by the unwelcome attentions of a widower of the same town and after repeatedly refusing his advances, I at last reluctantly consented to allow him to accompany me to church on a certain Sunday evening.

It was early in the spring, too early for straw hats, but my escort had provided himself with one of snowy whiteness, with a good generous brim, and he must needs wear it in honor of the occasion.

We arrived rather early and there were only a few people present as yet, for which I felt grateful. After we were seated I noticed a look of amusement on the faces of the audience and wondered what it could mean, as they kept looking our way.

I glanced up at Mr. Broadbrim (which name will answer him as well as any other) and what was my horror to discover that he had forgotten to remove his hat.

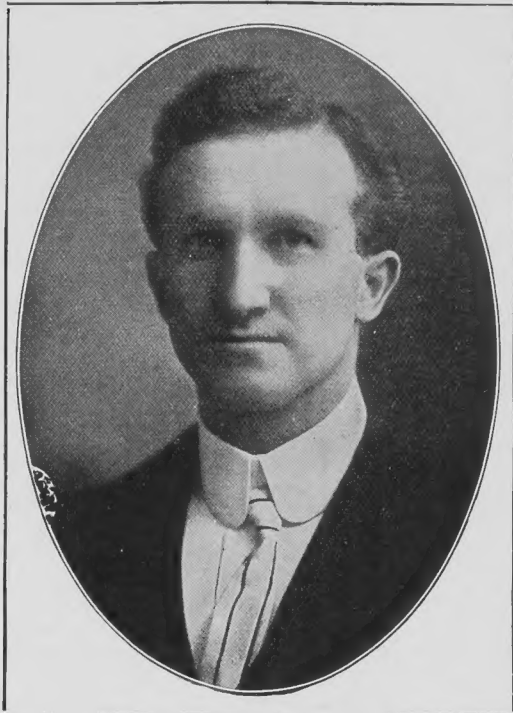
Well, I sat there and fidgeted, growing hot and cold by turns, and hoping he would collect his wits, if he had any, enough to remove his enormous headgear. At last I could bear it no longer and, looking up, I said, "You forgot to remove your hat, did you not?" He started, as though I had pricked him with a pin, his hand shot upwards, and an eighty-mile an hour wind could not have removed the hat with more alacrity. The audience smiled broadly, and I have never liked a straw hat since.—Edna Tubbs, Poquonock Bridge, Conn.

A Bear's Gratitude.

That beasts are sensible of kindness and remember it is proved by many interesting incidents. A woodsman who was fond of pets, found a young cub bear in the woods, half frozen and nearly starved, its mother having probably been killed by hunters. He took the little orphan with him and it soon became as playful as a kitten. Every night he had a romp with it on the floor of his cabin, and upon his return from his day's work in the woods, the cub would greet him with uncontrollable delight that an affectionate dog displays when his master comes home. But as the bear grew older its wild nature began to assert itself, in spite of its fondness for its benefactor, until finally one day it disappeared in the woods and did not return. The man hunted long and carefully for his pet, searching every nook and ravine for miles about his cabin, but without success. Two or three years afterward he was going through the wood to his work, unarmed, and without even his axe, which he had left the night before at the place where he was chopping. As he was passing through a heavy growth of young evergreens, an enormous female bear rose up before him. Behind her were two cubs and the mother was furious at having been disturbed, and mad with fear for the safety of her young. The chopper was utterly without means of defence, and even before he had time to realize the extremity of his position, the bear was upon him. But just as she reached him a complete change came over her. Instead of attacking him, she began lickily against him. She was his long-lost pet, and had not forgotten him. When he had recovered from his fright sufficiently to go on toward his work, the bear went too, and for more than a mile she followed him. Then, feeling, apparently, that she had done all that courtesy and her sense of gratitude required, she left him and went back to her cubs.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

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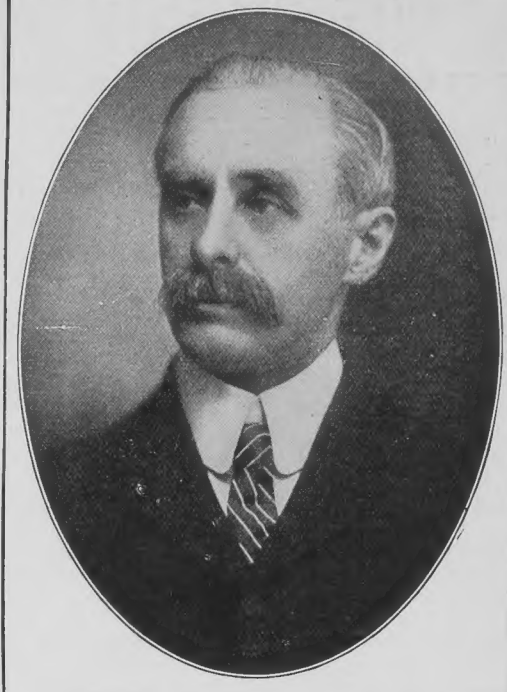
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A FREE CURE



If you are weak and ailing, have lost the fire and vigor of youth; if you are rheumatic, full of pains and aches, or suffering from any disease that drugs have failed to cure—I want you to come to me. I can cure you with my wonderful Electric Belt, and I'll give it free to any weak man or woman. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache, to get the benefit of my invention. Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this Belt is yours without a cent of cost to you until you are cured.

That's trusting you a good deal, and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my Belt; but I know that I have a good thing, and I am willing to take chances if you will secure me.

As to what my Belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten. So you can afford to let me try, anyway, and I'll take the chance. If you are not sick don't trifle with me; but if you are you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—After giving your Electric Belt a fair trial I am pleased to say that it has proved a success in every way in my case, and I am satisfied that it will do all you claim it to do. Wishing you every success.—Wm. Dalgleish, Wapella, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt. I used it during the spring of 1904, and since then the rheumatism has not troubled me. I haven't had it once since then.—R. Drysdale, Camrose, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your inquiry will say, that your Belt has done so much for me that I will never part with it for the rest of my life. This is a truthful statement and I wish you every success. With best wishes, I remain, Yours very truly,—John Hill.

If you are not as vigorous as you would like to be, if you have weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostatic troubles, nervous spells, varicocele or any ailment of that kind that weakens you, it would assure your future happiness if you would look into this method of mine. It is as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble.

You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in old style belts.

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my Belt is worth its weight in gold.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer.

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me, at my expense.

Call or Send for My Free Book

Come and see me and I'll fix you up, or if you can't then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men, all free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays to 3.45 p.m.

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Mrs. Callahan—Moike! Moike! Wek up; ut's toime t' tak y' insomnia medicine!

Mrs. Nulywed—Do you know what I've cooked for you to-day, dearest?

Nulywed—No; do you?

Irate Father—I'm going to put a check to your extravagance, sir!

Impudent Son—All right! Give me the check.

Howell—"You shouldn't run for a street car; it's bad for your heart."

Powell—"Worse than that; it's bad for my fountain pen."

The dog-pound—horrors!—is next door

To the butcher shop, I've found;

Now I shall never more

Buy sausage by the pound!

Joseph—Do you believe all this,

Arthur, about men buying wives?

Arthur—Oh, I expect so! Some men will buy anything.

Mrs. Hunks—"Ezra, what is good for a pain in the jaw?"

Old Hunks—"Give the jaw absolute rest."

Little Rollo—"Pop, what is an up-right piano?"

Pop—"One that plays only sacred music, my son."

Aunt Beth—They say his money is tainted!

Edith—Nonsense, aunt! I heard him say he had just cleaned up another million!

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house.

Cottager—That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's agoin' to hurt 'em!

Mother—I'm glad you're playing with good little boys now.

Tommy—Yes'm; they ain't like the other kind. I kin lick any one o' dese kids if I want.

Big Sister—Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed. Little Dick (on Mr. Nicefellow's knee)—Oh, it's all right. Mamma said I should stay here until she came downstairs.

Newsboy—"Gimme half a dozen quinine pills."

Clerk—"Want 'em in a box?"

Newsboy—"Aw, think I'm going to roll 'em home?"

Mrs. De Style—"That pin-wheel I bought here yesterday had no powder in it."

Storekeeper—"I know dot, lady; id vos a safety-pin wheel."

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team.

Bell—What does it say?

"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman.'"

Mrs. Meadowe—"You will find the woodshed at the back of the house."

Tired Traveller—"Excuse me, madam, but I never patronize a chop-house."

Lenditt—"You borrowed \$10 of me last month and promised to pay in two days. You must have a bad memory."

Spenditt—"Fierce! I remember it perfectly!"

A fond father in Summerville used to have a door-mat with the word "Welcome!" upon it. Now that his four daughters have grown up he has a new mat, with the inscription: "Beware of the Dog!"

Medical Adviser—"Jaggins, you are not following my directions. I told you three weeks ago last Monday to begin tapering off by taking a drink every other day."

Jaggins—"Well, that's what I'm doing, doctor. I don't take a drop on Mondays. I drink only on the other days."

Mr. Meane—The paper says that skirts are to be worn longer than ever.

Mrs. Meane—Well, you needn't reckon on me wearing mine any longer.

Mrs. Ferguson—"I wonder what makes the cold chills run up and down my back?"

Mr. Ferguson—"You've been reading in the papers about the prospect of a coal strike. Quit it."

Canvasser—"Madam, I would like to show you the beautiful silver forks that we are giving away with every half dozen bars of Skinflynt Soap."

Lady of The House—"We don't never eat with forks in this house. they leak."

First Suburbanite—"Did you ever go on one of those Cook's Tours?"

Second Suburbanite—"Oh, yes; I've visited every intelligence office from one end of the city to the other."

"So you advise me not to sue," said the client. "I do," said the lawyer. "Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems darned strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."

"Dearest," whispered Cordelia, after she had captured the coveted solitaire, "I have a confesion to make. I am a cooking-school graduate."

Clarence shuddered.

"Oh, well," he rejoined, after the manner of one resigned to his fate, "we can board."

Next Door Neighbor—"I was about to say—what's that terrible racket upstairs? Is somebody having a fit?"

Mrs. Hewjams—"No. That's John. He's rehearsing the speech he is going to deliver tomorrow night before the Universal Peace society."

Miss Gabbell—"I'm stronger than you are, anyway. I can step up to a horizontal bar and chin it sixteen times."

Miss Chillicon—"I have no doubt of it. I believe you could step up to that or anything else and chin it all day long."

"Now, in order to subtract," explained a teacher to a class in mathematics, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." A hand went up in the back part of the room. "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Papa—"Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy again I would whip you?"

Willie—"Yes sir."

Papa—"Then why were you playing with him?"

Willie—"Well, I got lonesomer than I thought a licking would hurt, so I just went over and played with him."

Elder Keepalong—"Deacon, you believe that everything that takes place is foreordained, don't you?"

Deacon Ironside—"Certainly I do."

Elder Keepalong—"Then why did you wallop the man you caught stealing coal from your shed the other night?"

Deacon Ironside—"Because, I couldn't help it. I felt that it was foreordained I should wallop him."

A city man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him with firmness, and recall him to his duty," said the friend.

"But he pays not the least attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

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